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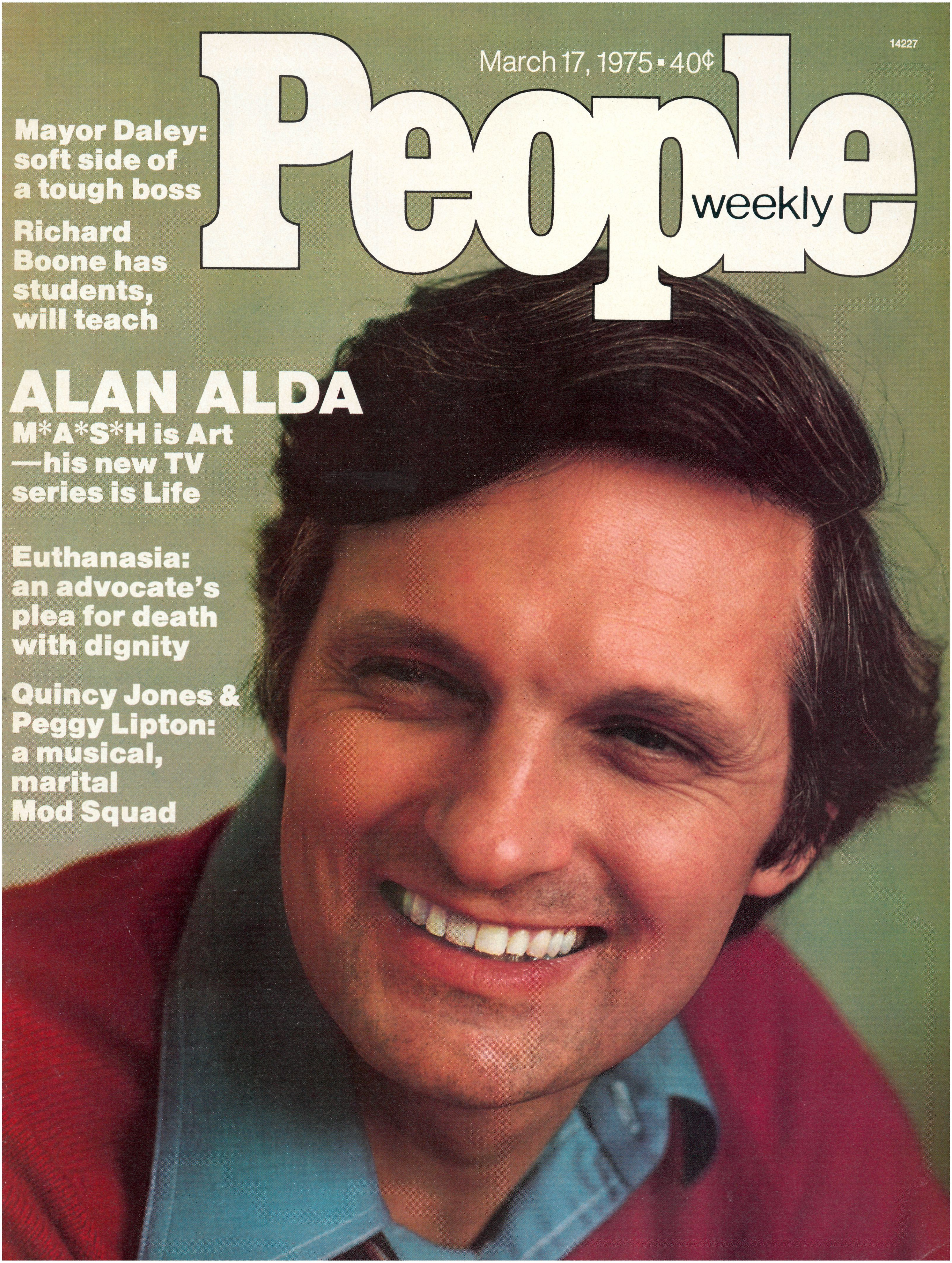
March 17, 1975 ▪ 40¢

People weekly



Mayor Daley: soft side of a tough boss

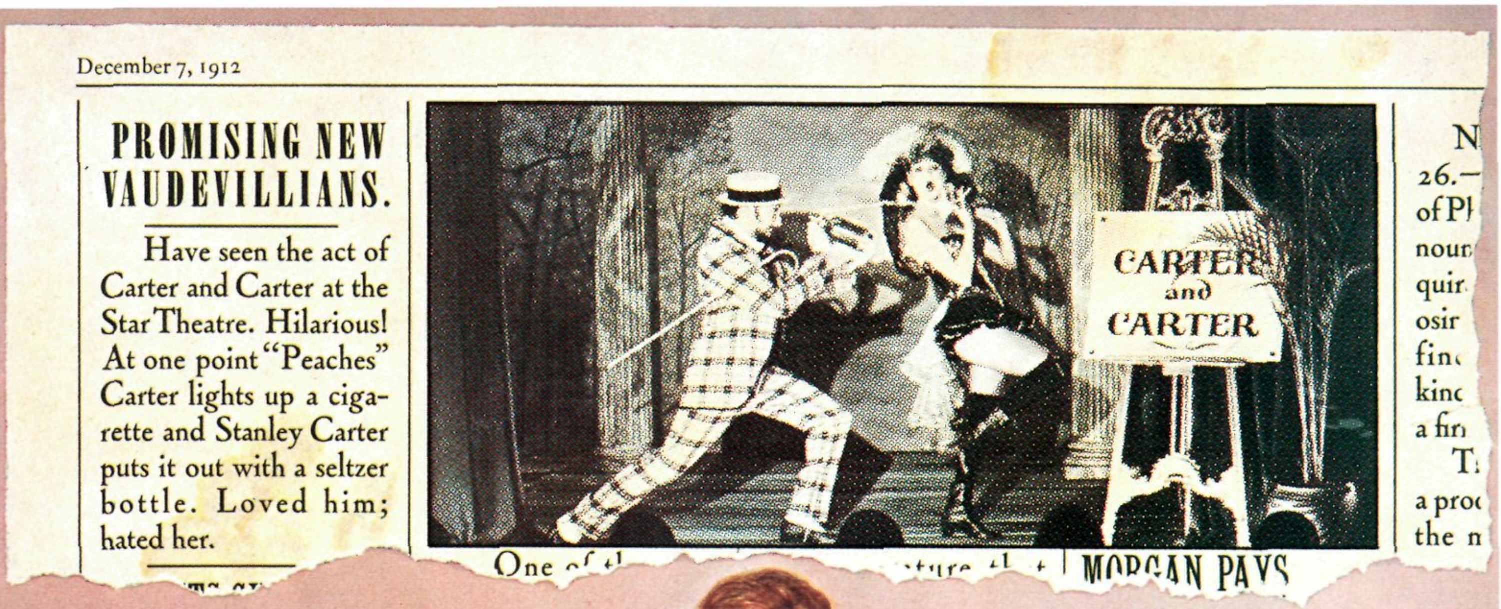
Richard Boone has students, will teach

ALAN ALDA

M*A*S*H is Art —his new TV series is Life

Euthanasia: an advocate's plea for death with dignity

Quincy Jones & Peggy Lipton: a musical, marital Mod Squad



December 7, 1912

PROMISING NEW VAUDEVILLIANS.

Have seen the act of Carter and Carter at the Star Theatre. Hilarious! At one point "Peaches" Carter lights up a cigarette and Stanley Carter puts it out with a seltzer bottle. Loved him; hated her.

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People weekly

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Cover photograph by Bill Eppridge

PEOPLE WEEKLY is published weekly, except one issue at year end, $18 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Clifford J. Grum, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Direct all mail to: PEOPLE WEEKLY, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. The editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited photographs and manuscripts, which must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope if the material is to be returned. © 1975 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

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MAIL

Olivia Newton-John

For my money, Olivia Newton-John (PEOPLE, Feb. 24) is the best thing to hit the music world since the guitar. As for ACE (Association of Country Entertainers, formed to preserve country music's separateness and freedom from all outside influences), why can't those people accept the fact that country and western fans along with everyone else love Olivia.

An examination of the background of country and western music reveals that it evolved from "Olde English" tunes, so one may argue that Olivia is just getting back to the grass roots of country music.

Kirk C. Johnson
Tempe, Arizona

Wise up all of you so-called "country stars." What kind of place would the United States be if everyone thought that newcomers should stay in their own country or their own field? The United States of America—land of opportunity, remember?

Pam Rodgers
Hammond, Ind.

I was really shocked to see that so-called singer Olivia Newton-John in your magazine. Whatever possessed you to write about a talentless yodeler like her? You are missing so many really talented ladies with voices.

Take, for example, Linda Ronstadt and Joni Mitchell, and Joni Mitchell actually writes her own songs.

Janis Propper
Upland, Calif.

Robert Windeler's profile on Olivia Newton-John is a beautifully written article about a darling and marvelously talented girl.

He did make one mistake, however. She was nominated for four (not three) American Music Awards, and damned if she didn't win them all.

James E. Bass
Little Rock

She also picked up two Grammys a few days later.—ED.

The Schermerhorns

I have been a follower of the Milwaukee Symphony since its early days under Harry John Brown and can say with no hesitation whatever that Milwaukee has never had it better! I am continually amazed at the progress that it has made under Kenneth Schermerhorn since those early efforts in the 1960s.

He lends his performances a flair and grace which make each concert a real experience, and his courtship and eventual marriage to Carol Neblett in 1973 was romantic enough to have inspired a best-seller.

Shelly Maiman
Milwaukee

After I saw those hockey players standing around in their long johns, on page 64, I came to the conclusion that the main difference between the players and Carol Neblett in the opera *Thaïs* is that Carol's tights fit better and look far more becoming. Am I right about the tights?

Chuck Calton
St. Paul Park, Minn.

No. Neblett performed totally nude. —ED.

Janet Flanner

Janet Flanner and Papa Hemingway weren't "planning their first broadcast to America," as you captioned that 1944 picture. It was taken at Les Deux Magots in Paris, and Papa was reading Genêt a love poem he had just written to his new girl, Mary Welch, a TIME war correspondent (later his wife, now his widow, "Miss Mary"). It was a pretty soppy poem, but he had a captive audience in Flanner and (note the third brandy pony on the table) me.

David E. Scherman
New York

Alexis Pederson

It was quite unfair to slant the facts so flagrantly that Alexis Pederson came out resembling a heroine and those connected with *Goodbye, Norma Jean* a bunch of second-rate quasi pornographers. The facts are that Larry Buchanan held the Marilyn Monroe look-alike contest purely for publicity, with the starring role to be awarded only to an actress capable of filling it, whether or not she happened to be the winner. The winner had the option of auditioning for the role; Mr. Buchanan made this clear from the outset. Misty Rowe was *not* a "last minute replacement." She is, rather, a professional actress who knows and thoroughly dedicates herself to her craft. This all happens to be first-hand information —Ms. Rowe and I have the same film agent, study in the same professional actors' workshop, and both appear in *Norma Jean.* (I play Margaret, her groomer.)

Laurel Barnett
Inglewood, Calif.

Backgammon's Tim Holland

You say that "Scrabble is out . . . and the flip side of checkers [backgammon] is in." Then in the same issue you show Lady Antonia and others playing, yes . . . Scrabble.

Don Snetzinger
Fresno

There'll always be an England.—ED.

Chatter

Will the Phantom Sexist of PEOPLE Weekly please stand up and drop dead! Anyone who can write (or print): "Busty Adrienne Barbeau, who plays the sleep-around daughter on CBS's *Maude*," deserves to be bound and gagged with a used pair of bobby sox, and then hanged by his ducktail from the nearest double standard! "Sleep-around"—we left that behind us in junior high.

Christine Deyo
San Diego

PEOPLE *welcomes letters to the editors, but we regret that because of the volume of mail received, we cannot acknowledge them. Letters for publication should be addressed to* PEOPLE, *Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.*

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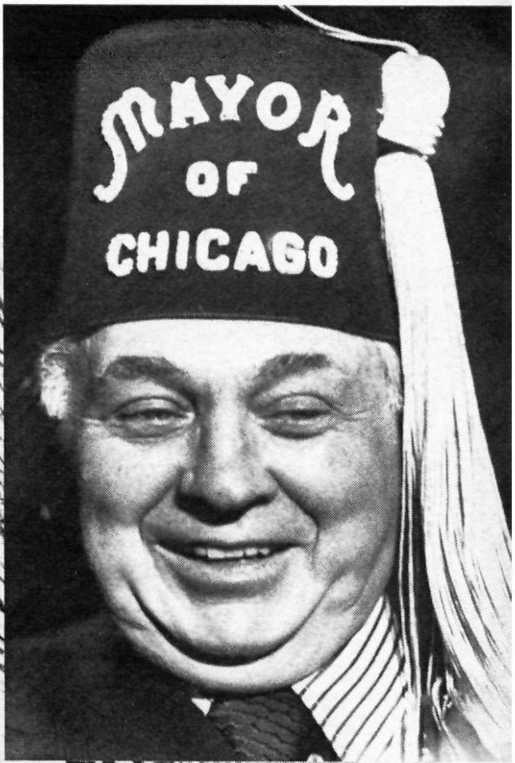
UP FRONT

I picked up the pen to sign a proclamation and the pen was jumping all over the page," Chicago's doughty Mayor Richard J. Daley, 72, recalls. It was a stroke, a blockage in a neck artery. A few days after he was stricken last spring, he summoned his family to his hospital bedside. He was frightened; both his father and mother had died on their first trips to hospitals. Daley named his pallbearers and forbade a wake—"people tend to, well, overdo it at wakes, you know."

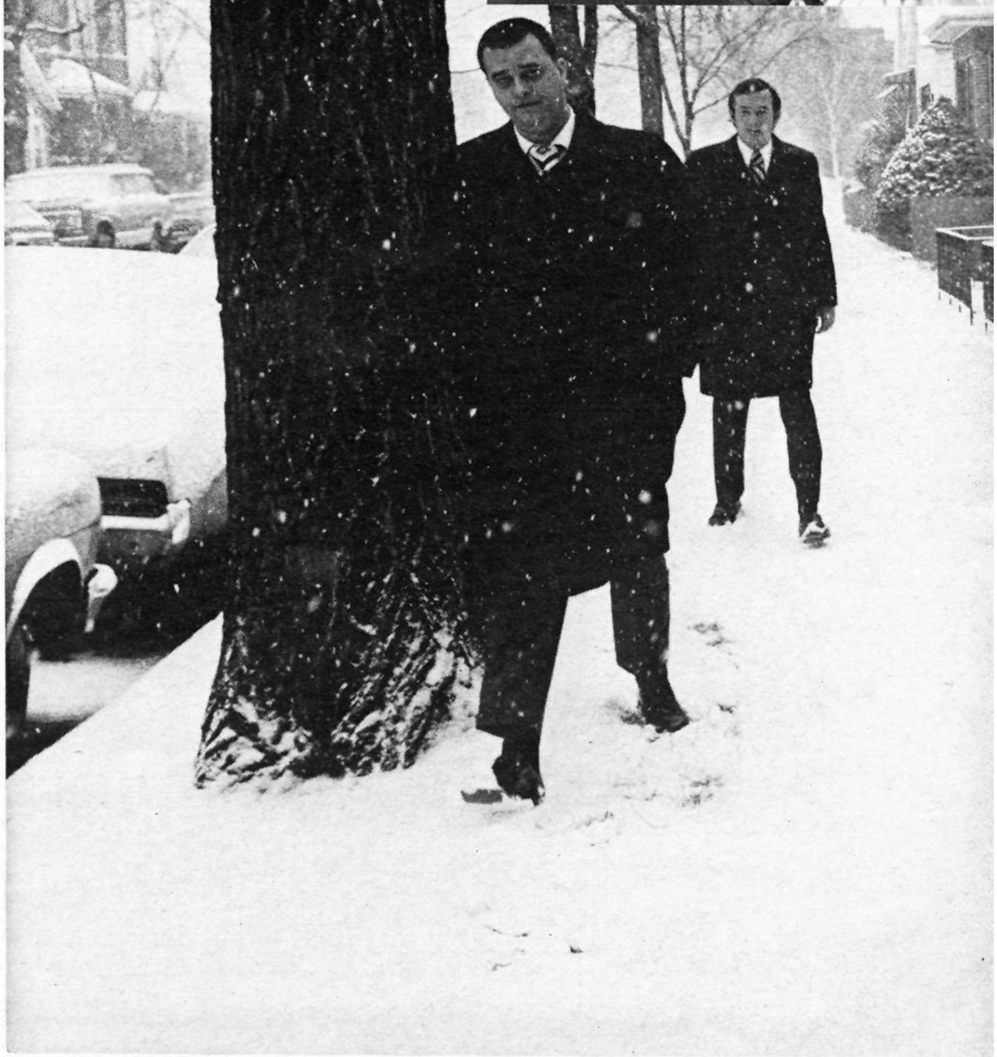
Daley's eyes brim with tears when he describes those days, but as he puts it, "The Lord had other plans for me." After an operation to remove fatty tissue from the artery that was blocking the flow of blood to his brain, and four months of convalescence, he turned up again at city hall. Almost as bouncy as ever, he resumed command as the last—and seemingly the everlasting—of the big city bosses.

To prove the point, Hizzoner won an unprecedented sixth nomination as mayor last month, sweeping three opponents aside as if they weren't there. Next month there will be a general election in Chicago, but it will be a mere formality: for nearly 50 years the city's mayoralty has been decided in the Democratic primary. The Republicans reportedly got 47 refusals before they found a candidate to field in the April Fool's Day election.

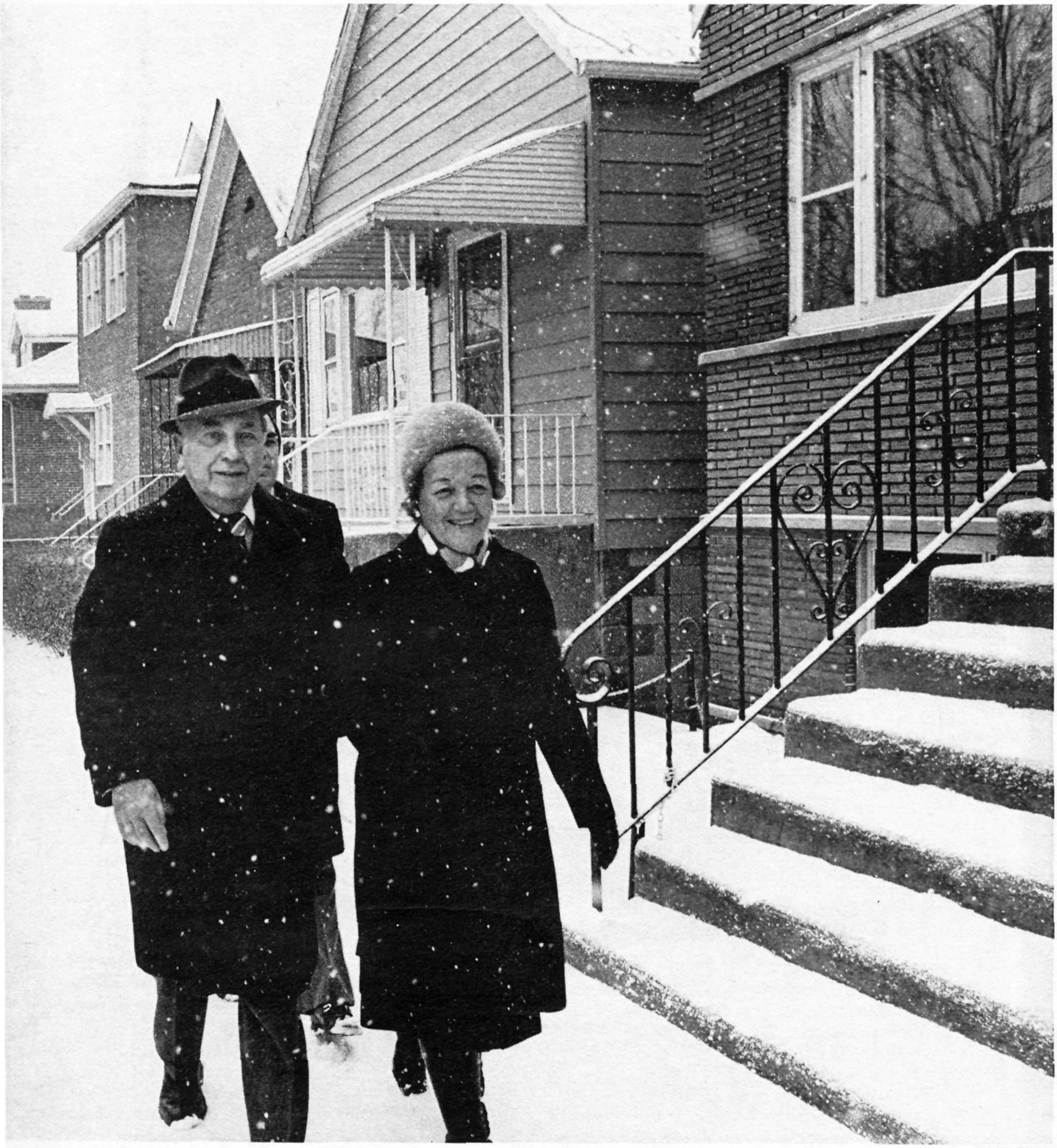
What prompted one woman to beat her husband to death with a baseball bat when he objected to her signing a Daley re-election petition? What persuaded 430,000 Chicagoans to go to the polls on a miserable, snowy day and vote another round for Dick Daley by a margin of nearly two to one? It isn't charisma. Although "Da Mare" can turn on the Irish charm like a light bulb, millions of Americans remember him for his notorious shoot-to-kill orders during the 1968 race riots, or later that year his televised, snarling confrontation with Senator Abe Ribicoff at the Democratic Convention, when Ribicoff criticized his club-wielding police. ("It was a goddamn disgrace," the mayor still explodes, in a rare public use of profanity. "They threw human waste at our policemen.") Neither is it



WIDE WORLD



TRIUMPHANT BOSS DALEY: HE LOVES KIDS, CHRISTMAS, HIS WIFE—AND POWER



MICHAEL MAUNEY

Mayor and Mrs. Richard Daley walk to the polls from their modest house (fifth from right, behind sculpted evergreen) on his triumphant primary day. Inset: Hizzoner whoops it up at a Chicago Shriners' campaign rally.

After winning his first term as mayor in 1955, Daley gathered his family around and listened to pals flatter him.

AL PHILLIPS/CHICAGO AMERICAN

As hero of the hardhats, the mayor pushes a wheelbarrow containing shovels at Rush Medical College groundbreaking.

UPI

his rhetoric, which is limited mostly to platitudes delivered in gutturals only a throat specialist could love. It certainly isn't the state of city hall or the police department, which under Daley have been riddled with scandal.

Nor have Mayor Daley's own coattails been exactly spotless. Last year Daley and his wife Eleanor ("Sis") were revealed as the secret owners of a real estate holding company, worth $200,000, that bought vacant lots at city auctions. Perfectly legal, sniffed Hizzoner. But critics said there seemed to be a conflict of interest. Eyebrows shot up again when Daley gave a $5 million city insurance contract, with commissions worth $150,000, to a suburban firm employing his son John Patrick. The mayor's response: "If they don't like it, they can kiss my ass."

Still, Chicago has grown accustomed to his face, and Daley has grown accustomed to his job. "I love what I'm doing," he says, "and I love this city." He has passed up opportunities for higher office in Springfield and Washington (and an unnamed university professorship if he did not return to city hall after his sickness) to keep his grip on the nation's smoothest-running political machine. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, his influence on Democratic politics was confirmed by a direct telephone line from his office to the White House.

THE CHICAGO SUN TIMES

A furious Daley listens at the 1968 convention, as Abe Ribicoff berates "Gestapo tactics" of Chicago police.

If Dick Daley was not born in a smoke-filled room, it was an oversight of the Lord's. He got his political education in the tough, Irish-accented South Side neighborhood where he was born and still lives, and where Chicago got its last three mayors. The modest Daley bungalow is straight out of Archie Bunkerland and is distinguished from its neighbors only by the no-parking signs out front. His furniture is covered with plastic, as protection from the ravages of 10 grandchildren, religious pictures hang on the wall, and on the mantle are the bronzed baby shoes of the seven Daley children. Sis Daley ("A great woman, a great mother," says Daley) does all her own cooking, baking and shopping, and keeps out of the political limelight, although the mayor was delighted by her public remark on abortion: "I've always felt it was better to have the babies on your knee than on your conscience."

The Daleys have no difficulty living within his $35,000 income, which will soon be raised to $60,000. Outside of children's christenings in the basement, they rarely entertain. A close, trusted associate of the mayor, who has never been to the Daley house for dinner, estimates that only six people he knows ever have. Says the mayor, ending any inquiry: "We have always

MICHAEL MAUNEY

Escorting a pretty model, "Da Mare" walks the runway at a fashion show honoring women who worked for his reelection.

kept our home like a home should be."

A pious Catholic, Daley attends mass most mornings before going to work. He is also a genuinely devoted family man who played Santa Claus for the children in his parish for years. "I had a rubber mask and I was always sweaty. But it was the greatest experience in the world," says Daley. "The kids' eyes all popped out. Its quite a revelation about human nature—all the joy kids are capable of, and how soon they become suspicious." Daley himself saved Chicago's Christmas parade when the downtown merchants decided to stop sponsoring it. He takes a childish delight in staging—and leading—the city's endless parades honoring ethnic holidays. By next week the Chicago River will be dyed green, as usual, by mayoral ukase, and Da Mare will lead the St. Patrick's Day marchers down State Street. He numbers 20,000 dependents in his family of political patronage beneficiaries, and his philosophy of governing has a Godfatherly ring: "If a fella in public life tries to do what's right and gets the best advice he can, he should go ahead and not listen to his critics—some of whom never constructed anything anyway."

Daley has lost 25 pounds since his operation, but still casts a portly shadow. He gets to work at 8 a.m. and leaves promptly at 5:30—as opposed to his old regimen of 6 a.m. to late at night. He seems mellower, but late in the day, especially, can become quite snappish. "I never go near his office after 3:30 in the afternoon if I can avoid it," says a colleague.

Will his sixth term be Dick Daley's last hurrah? "Well, you never know," he says. "I thought about that last time (1971). I'll let you know when the last time comes."

LINDA WITT and RICHARD OULAHAN

TED AND JOAN PULL STRINGS FOR A RUSSIAN CELLIST AND THEN THROW HIM A PARTY

Joan Kennedy and Barbara Howar, right, chat with Crawford Shaw, a high school friend of Joan's from Bronxville, N.Y.

With his cello tucked under one arm, and a box of yellow roses under the other, world-famous Russian cellist Mstislav Rostropovich stepped into the Ted Kennedy house in McLean, Va. The 175 assembled guests broke into applause. Rostropovich smiled, presented the flowers to sun-tanned Joan Kennedy and gave her a bear hug. ("My feeling was to hug him right back," she said later.) "Thank you, thank you," Rostropovich boomed in accented English, "for all the things you have done for me and my wife." So saying, the cellist grasped the startled senator cheek to cheek and squeezed him in gratitude too.

That mellow mood lasted the length of the two-hour reception which followed the first of five Rostropovich recitals in Washington. For years he had been prevented by the Soviet government from performing in the West because of his support for now-exiled author Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Then last April the Kennedys journeyed to Moscow. Joan, a talented amateur pianist, raised the possibility of a Rostropovich tour with two Soviet officials. Senator Kennedy echoed his wife's plea during his four-hour talk with Leonid Brezhnev. "I'll look into it," the Soviet leader waffled. But within days, the cellist had a two-year visa. (The Rostropoviches—she is soprano Galina Vishnevskaya—have settled in Lausanne, Switzerland.) "We may have been instrumental," Joan admitted cautiously, "in bringing him here."

Guests at the Kennedy party included Henry Kissinger, painter Jamie Wyeth, Washington gadabout Barbara Howar and a near quorum of senators and representatives. They drank red and white wine and devastated a buffet of deviled eggs, roast beef, chicken a la king and Camembert.

When Kissinger arrived (without Nancy, who had the flu), he apologized for missing the recital: "I'm a great admirer, but I had to work tonight." Kissinger then said he would miss the other concerts because he had to return to the Middle East. "You travel too much," Rostropovich joked. Some congressmen who agree perked up their ears.

Kennedy managed to pry Rostropovich's cello from the 47-year-old artist and escorted him arm-in-arm on a tour of the home—and through goodnight kisses to the Kennedy children in bed. "Big deal," sighed Kara, 15, the only Kennedy child allowed up that late. "Who wants to see Patrick sleeping?" (Patrick is 7 and did not wake up.)

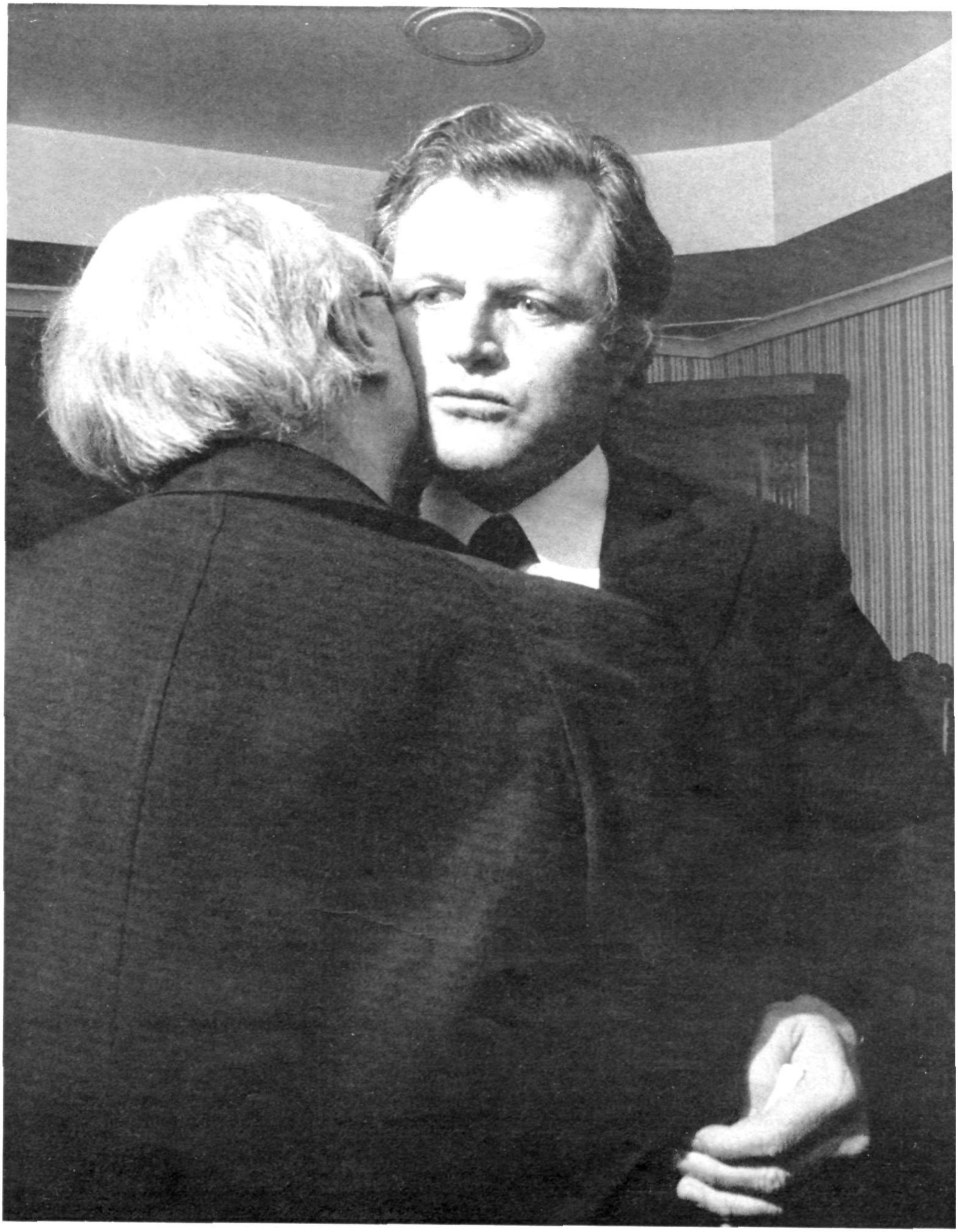
At 1:30 a.m. Rostropovich and Galina said goodbye. Joan Kennedy waved them into the chilly night, then turned to the buffet table for her first nibbles. She had nothing to drink all evening. The weary senator meanwhile had slipped off to bed.

SUSAN BLUTTMAN

Henry Kissinger, whose work had kept him from the cello recital, greets the Rostropoviches as the hostess looks on.

Artist Jamie Wyeth (below, right) and J. Carter Brown, Director of the National Gallery, sample the buffet dinner.

Arriving at the Kennedys', cellist Mstislav Rostropovich embraces the nonplussed senator in a mighty bear hug.



Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5

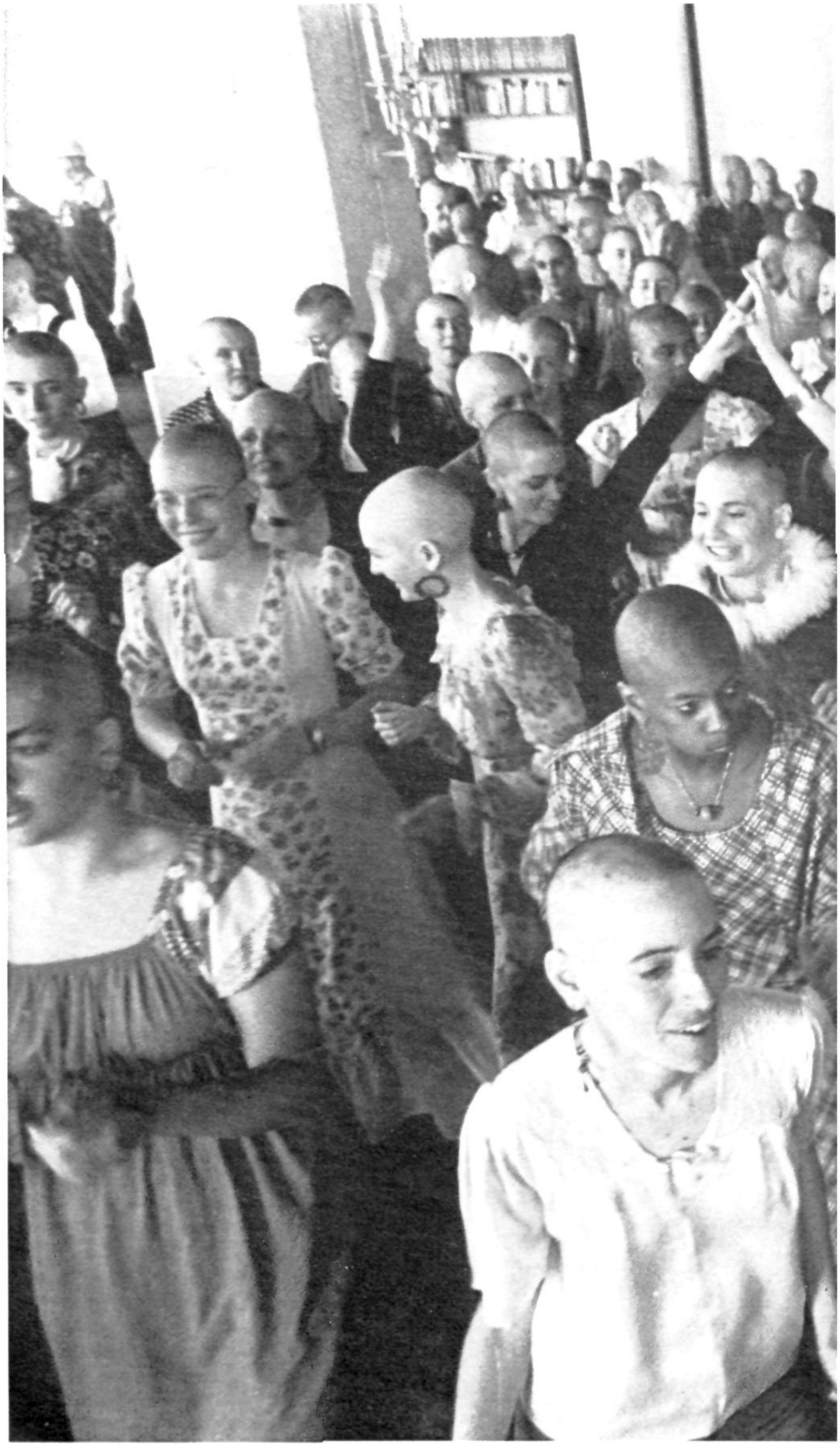
GIVE ME SOME SKIN IS THE NEW SLOGAN AT SYNANON

It started late last month when Charles "Chuck" Dederich, the feisty head of Synanon, the drug rehabilitation organization, almost walked into a wooden beam. The beam was jutting out in a kitchen under construction at Synanon's Tomales Bay branch in California. "Whoever pulled that boner should shave his head," rasped Dederich.

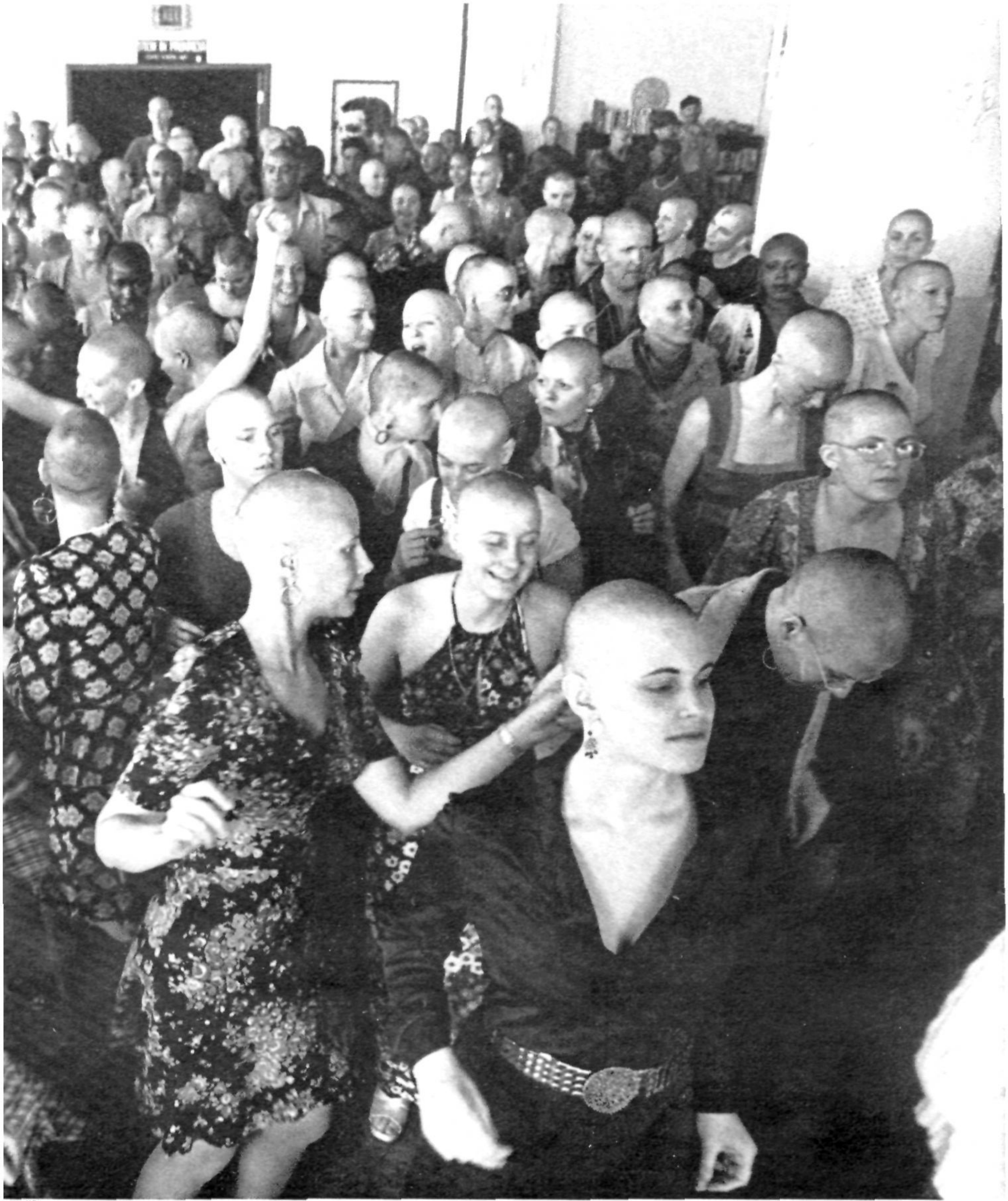
That day all 10 men in the kitchen construction crew, bowing to the traditional method of discipline at Synanon, scraped themselves bald. "If I'm employing that many idiots," said the 62-year-old Dederich, looking around him, "then I must be an idiot myself." So saying, he shaved his own craggy dome. Getting into the spirit, all 200 men at Synanon followed suit. A few days later, the women at Tomales Bay met to discipline a female member who had broken the tough rules of the half-way house. "If she were a man," said Dederich, "she'd have to shave her head." So the guilty member did.

At this point a strange possession seemed to take hold: All the women, in what they called a gesture of solidarity, began clipping and shaving one another. At Synanons in Oakland, Santa Monica, San Francisco and in the Sierra Nevadas, the membership heard the news and joined in. Within three hours that day, 500 women became skinheads, including Dederich's own wife, Betty. "You gotta let the broads do what they want," grumped Dederich.

"Wonderful and sensual," explained one woman, her pate gleaming. "We have stopped kissing hello. Now we just pat heads." ☐



It's not a skin flick, but some of the 200 women from Synanon in Oakland celebrated solidarity in an unusual way.



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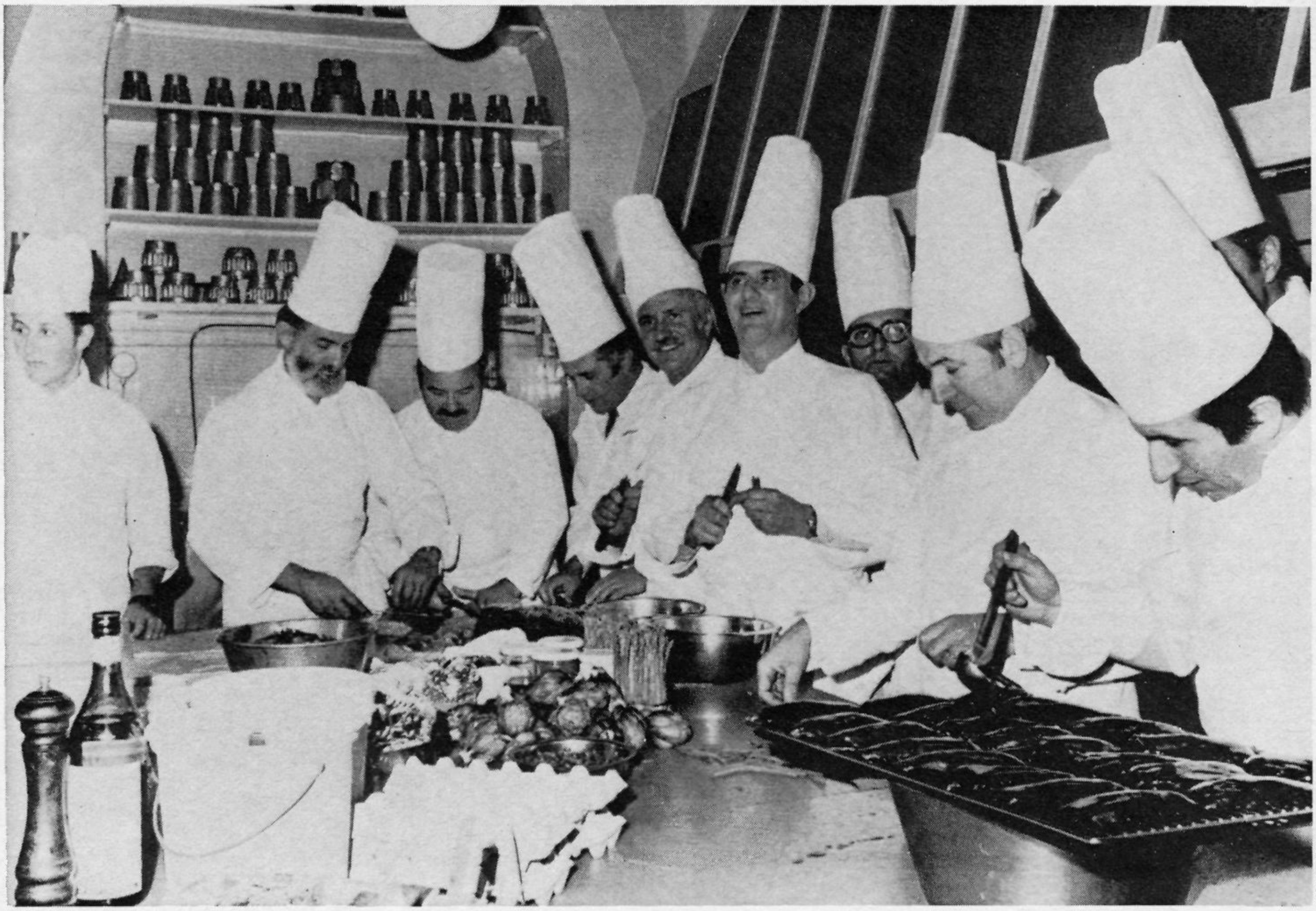
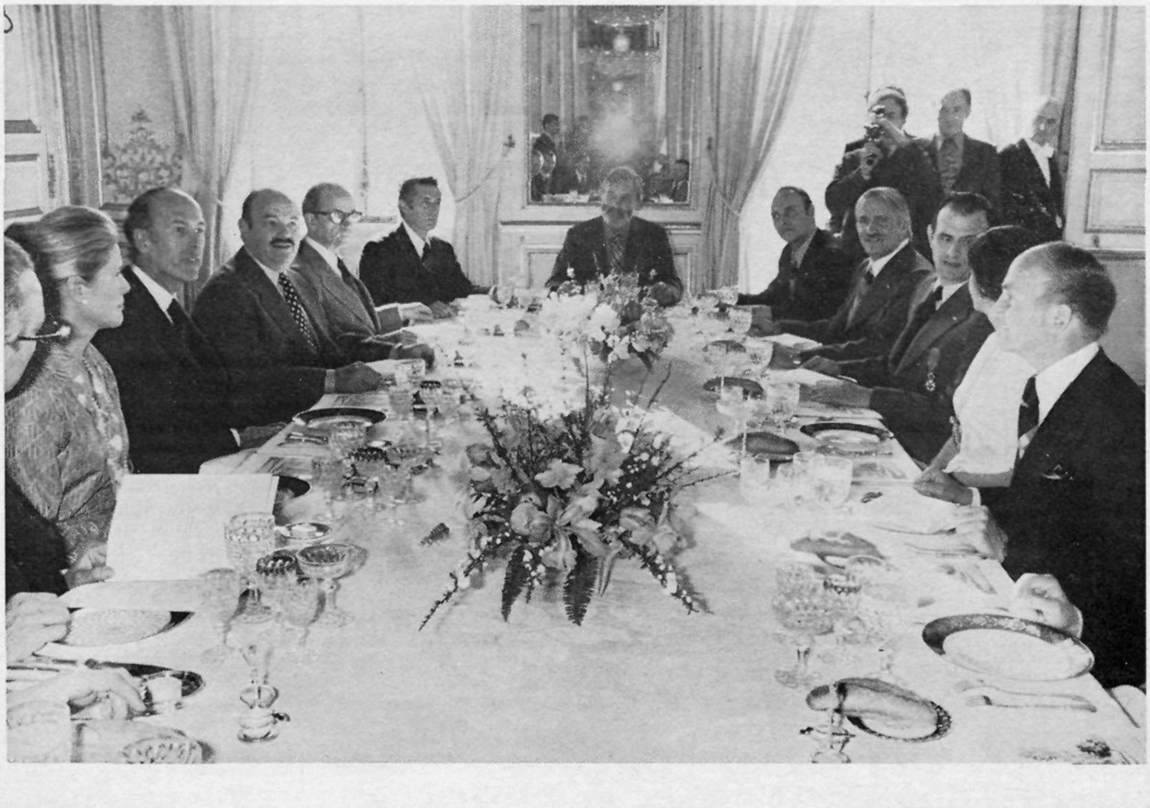


WIDE WORLD

World-famous French chef Paul Bocuse (above, sixth from left) leads colleagues in preparing a presidential lunch. At lunch in the palace, Mme. Bocuse, second from left, is seated to the right of President Giscard; on the opposite side of the table, Mme. Giscard d'Estaing turns to chat with Paul Bocuse. The other guests include chefs who cooked the meal.

DANIEL SIMON/GAMMA



A PARISIAN LUNCH PROVES 13 COOKS CAN'T SPOIL THE BROTH

It's a bit gauche to invite guests for lunch and then ask them to cook it. But that breach of etiquette did not disturb French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. After all, his guest list at the Elysée Palace included 13 of France's finest cooks led by the most brilliant of them all, Paul Bocuse. Giscard and Bocuse actually had business other than enjoying *un bon déjeuner*: the President bestowed the coveted Legion of Honor on the chef for the renown his culinary exploits have brought the nation.

Bocuse, 49, the "Lion of Lyon," and the others proved to be a gratifying exception to the maxim that too many cooks spoil the broth. That broth turned out to be a truffle-and-*foie-gras* soup followed by a 44-pound salmon with sorrel sauce, duck in Bordeaux wine, wild strawberries and cake decorated with shaved chocolate and laced with liqueurs. To wash down this meal prepared by Bocuse and four other chefs, there were a Château Margaux and a Roederer champagne, both 1926 —the year Giscard and Bocuse were born—a 1966 Montrachet, a 1969 Morey-Saint-Denis and, for postprandial sipping, an 1893 Armagnac. "Delicious," Giscard was heard to murmur contentedly.

The meal, estimated to have cost more than $60 a guest, clearly attested to Bocuse's leadership. To many of his compatriots, his legendary green bean and duck liver salad, stuffed sea bass and poached country ham have done as much for the soul and reputation of France as two decades of Gaullist grandiloquence.

Bocuse, a maverick in his stiffly competitive field, is the leading advocate of "the new cooking," which stresses relatively simple, unadorned dishes. There is no such thing as a Bocuse secret. When at Chez Bocuse, his three-star restaurant just outside Lyon (the family have been restaurateurs on the same site since 1765), he eagerly reveals to guests what goes into his dishes.

UPI

Before lunch, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing pinned the Legion of Honor on Bocuse, then embraced him.

To Bocuse, the key to great cuisine is great "raw materials," and to ensure that he gets the best he goes on predawn shopping raids at local markets. He likes to wander around Chez Bocuse rather than stay in the kitchen, mixing and often flirting with the guests. Bocuse also has earned a reputation as a notorious practical joker: once he slipped a chemical into a fellow chef's meal that turned his urine bright blue.

Bocuse earned his fame in the classic way, beginning as a dishwasher at age 15 and ultimately apprenticing under the legendary Fernand Point. Only six years after Bocuse took over as head chef, Chez Bocuse won its precious third star, the highest rating from the imperious *Guide Michelin*.

Like many in his profession, Bocuse believes women will never rank among the world's top chefs. "Cooking is like war," he claims. "You have to take risks. Women cooks don't take risks."

Unsurprisingly, Bocuse also draws analogies between his "new cooking" and women. "They have evolved the same ways. Women have stripped themselves down, not wearing corsets and bras. In the old days when you undressed a woman you never knew what you were going to find. Today you know exactly what's going to be there. Same with cooking. You know exactly what you have on your plate."

RUDI CHELMINSKI

CINDY NELSON IS AMERICA'S BEST, BUT HER MOM WON'T WATCH

At her family's ski resort in Minnesota, Cindy Nelson practices her slalom technique—the outstretched tongue helps.

Gnawing tensely on her tongue, Cindy Nelson digs a ski pole into the crusty snow outside her Minnesota home and lunges around the final gate of her own slalom course. It is much less challenging than the runs she has faced this winter in World Cup competition, but during a brief layoff from the circuit the practice is good for her rock-hard leg muscles. Even in practice Cindy rockets down the icy perpendicular chutes with such abandon that her mother, a skilled ski instructor, long ago gave up watching.

Cindy's perfect features—blond hair, blue eyes and wind-stung cheeks—match a skill not recently found among American skiers. At 19 she is not only the highest-ranked all-around female skier in this country but is expected to place in the top five in overall World Cup points, the best showing ever for the U.S. Next February at the Winter Olympic Games in Innsbruck, Austria, she is being touted by teammates and coaches as a possible winner of two gold medals. "She is," says her older brother, Nibs, "the most determined little twirper you'll ever meet."

In 1972 with the Sapporo, Japan Olympics just three weeks off, Cindy, then 16, booted her first chance at the Olympics. The very day she made the team, she flew off a bump on a Swiss downhill course and careened into the hard snow, dislocating a hip. Broken-hearted, Cindy vowed to her good friend and teammate, Sandy Poulsen, "It could have been worse—I'll be back on my skis by August." And she was.

Since Cindy's return most of her old friends, like Poulsen, have retired from amateur competition, and Cindy is regarded by the new high school age ski kids, sometimes with a little contempt, as the grand old lady (partly because she has been skiing since she was 2). "They don't seem to understand my determination to win," Cindy says. "They seem to have goals to be top skiers—but within reason."

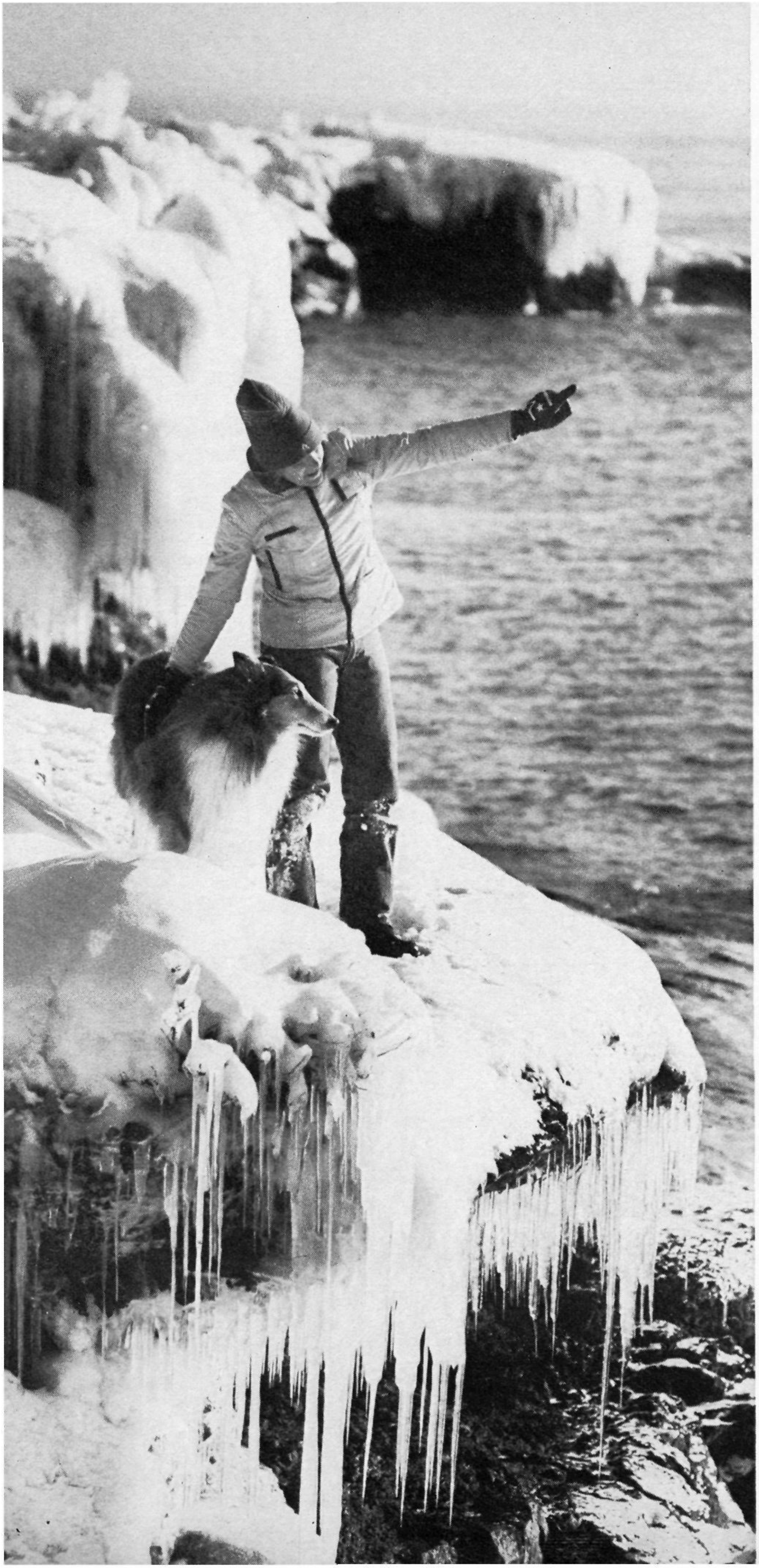
The top for the moment is blocked by Annemarie Moser-Proell, the spectacular 21-year-old Austrian champion.

Despite breaking her leg twice (once playing volleyball), and dislocating a hip, Cindy is the top U.S. woman downhill skier.

Passing her brother, Nibs, below, Cindy looks adept on cross-country skis, although this is only her third try at it.

Around the open fireplace in the family's elegant modern house in Lutsen, Minn., Cindy and her parents talk over old times.

Photographs by Gerald Brimacombe



For the past five years she has dominated the World Cup and Olympics and has lost only six downhill races—half of them to Cindy. Now there are rumors Annemarie will retire. "In the years ahead," Proell once said, "Cindy may dominate the downhill as I have."

Pleased with her success, Cindy recently went home for three days to Lutsen, Minn., where her father owns a small ski resort. "When you're on the road there's not much time for family life," she said, gazing over the homestead her grandfather carved out of the Minnesota woods nearly a century ago. The trails and tows were added by her father, George, who skied with the 10th Mountain Division during World War II. Tutored by their mother, Patti, all five Nelson children (George III or Nibs, 22, Becky, 20, Cindy, and twins Tracy and Terry, 18) became expert skiers. The twins also hope to make the '76 Olympics. ("Hey, twinnies," Cindy tells them, "I know you can do it.")

"Even as a child Cindy was very free on her skis, absolutely fearless," says Mrs. Nelson. By 11, Cindy had won her first junior national downhill title, despite training on slopes better suited to cross-country skiing. Those modest hills still serve Cindy. In the summer she keeps in shape by jogging eight miles daily through the Lutsen woods. Occasionally she meets a bear. "When you see one," she laughs, "you back away . . . very . . . slowly."

Although she trains intensely, she is loose when it comes to preparations for a big race: she frequently will hit a local pub for a beer the night before. After a race she likes to unwind by "going to a disco with a warm honey." She detests hard rock music—"Can you imagine coming down from a race listening to that?"

With some wistfulness, she admits missing a normal high school life. "Sometimes I think it would be nice to sit and play tourist, eat a pumpernickel sandwich, drink a gimlet. A guy might look at me and . . ." But her mother quickly interrupts, "She'll just have to imagine that—there's not much time for her to be an ordinary, fun-loving skier." LINDA WITT

On the craggy shoreline of Lake Superior, which abuts the Nelson homestead, Cindy urges her collie, Sir, to fetch. Sir, wisely, is thinking it over.

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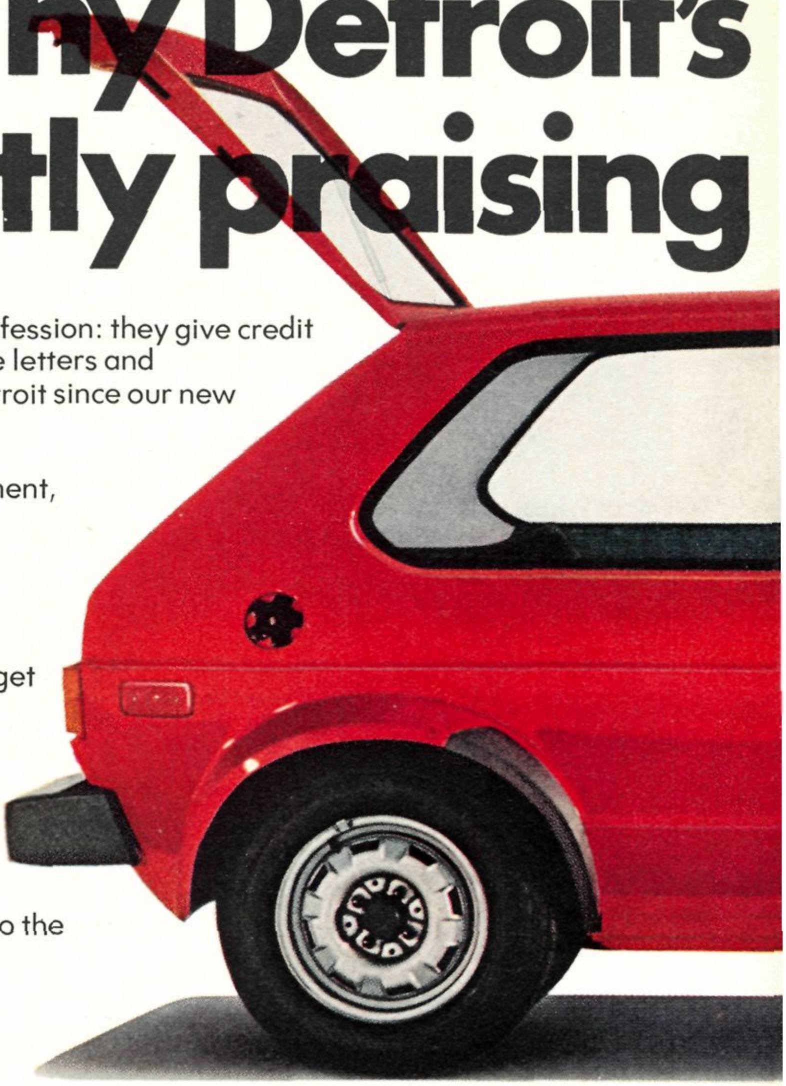
Why Detroit's are secretly praising



One thing about the men of the engineering profession: they give credit where credit is due. Which may explain all the nice letters and "confidential" phone calls we've received from Detroit since our new Rabbit has been out.

Why all the praise?

Well, forgetting the low $2,999* price for a moment, let's start at the top:

93 miles per hour.

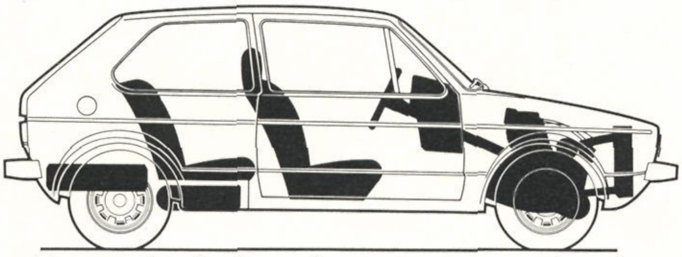
A Rabbit is very fast. And although we obviously don't recommend 93 mph (please obey all speed limits), it is reassuring to know as you're about to get onto a hectic expressway, that a Rabbit has the power for great acceleration. From 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds. That's quicker than a Monza 2 + 2.

38 miles per gallon.

A Rabbit is very thrifty. In the recent 1975-model Federal Environmental Protection Agency fuel economy tests, the Rabbit averaged 38 miles to the gallon on the highway. It averaged a nifty 24 in tougher stop-and-go city traffic.

As big inside as some mid-size cars.

The Rabbit is a sub-compact sized car. That's on the outside. Open the door and it's a different story. 80% of the space in the car is devoted to functional room. There's actually more head and leg room inside than in some mid-size cars.



You get this feeling of roominess immediately, as you stretch out behind the wheel and look out through the huge front windshield.

Visibility is incredible.

The main engineering feat that makes all this room possible is our revolutionary transverse engine, or stated more simply, an engine that is mounted sideways. Besides adding space, placing the engine in this manner, and slanting it, has a lot to do with why the Rabbit gets such good gas mileage. For now you have a very low silhouetted front end which means lower wind resistance, which means better gas mileage.

As you may have noticed already, the Rabbit comes only one way. As a Hatchback. And you don't pay a penny more for that extra door.

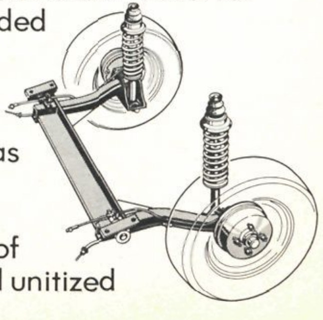
In addition to the 2-door model shown, there is a 4-door available. Four doors plus a Hatchback. That's a lot of ins and outs in one car.

How we got it to handle so easily.

The best way to describe driving a Rabbit is that it just feels right.

The rack-and-pinion steering, designed exclusively for the Rabbit, allows you to feel in complete control, especially on fast, tight turns.

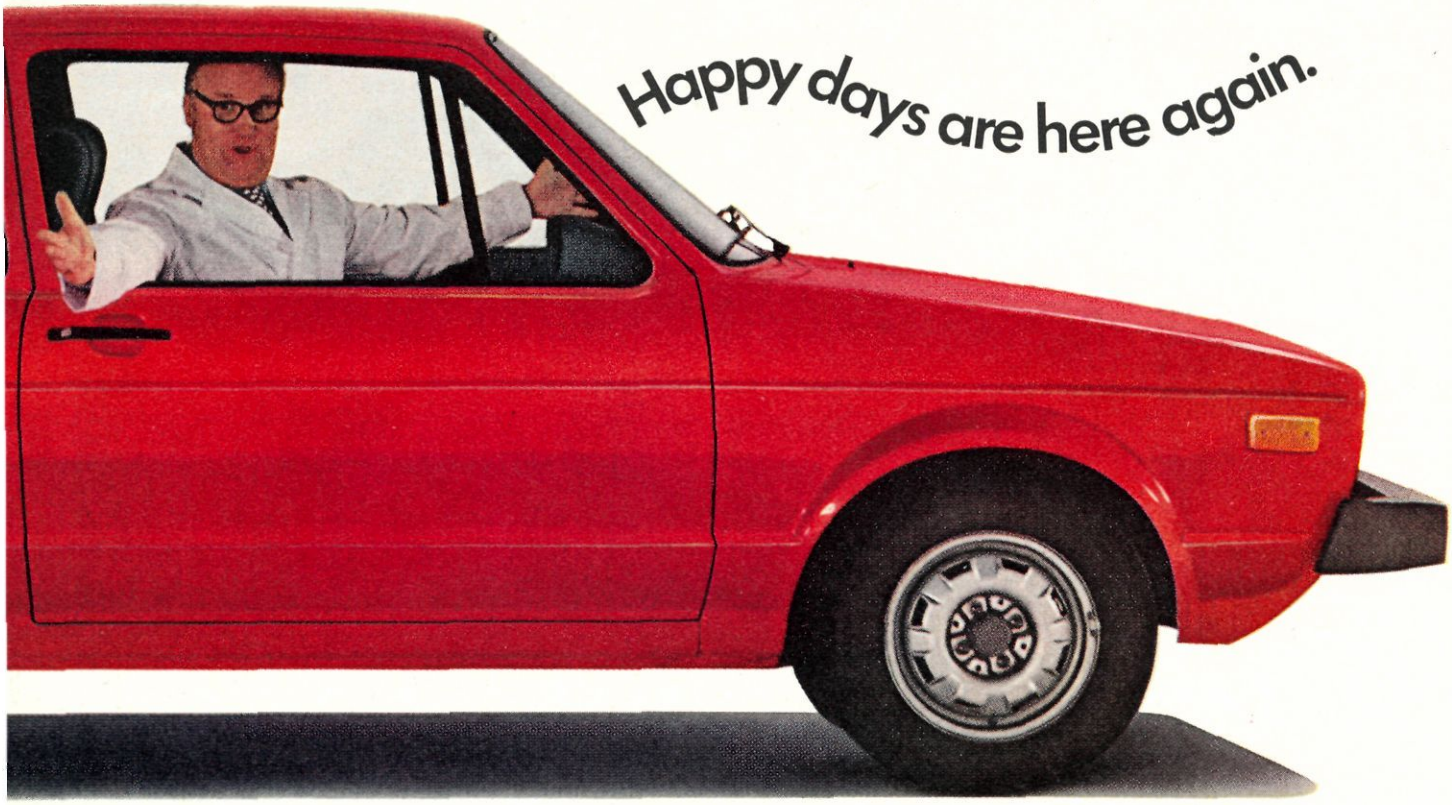
Another VW exclusive, an independent stabilizer rear axle, means independent wheel travel for more riding comfort and added safety on rough roads.



As is true on only two Detroit cars, the Eldorado and Toronado, the Rabbit has front-wheel drive for road-hugging ability.

The firm and sporty ride of the car is enhanced by rigid unitized

engineers Volkswagen's Rabbit.



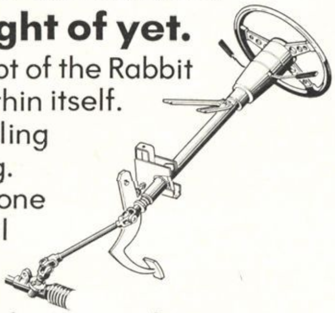
body/chassis construction, controlled spring and shock rates and longer suspension travel.

And when it comes to parking, the day of the steering wheel battle is over. The Rabbit's only 3⅓ turns, lock-to-lock.

It has safety features Detroit hasn't even thought of yet.

Actually the whole concept of the Rabbit is to be a safety package within itself. Its size, shape, weight, handling ability, just about everything.

Added too, are things no one domestic car has. Like a dual diagonal braking system, double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact, negative steering roll radius for directional stability in the event of a front wheel blowout, and a specially designed hatchback door that keeps the rear window clear for better visibility.



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rabbit

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IN TROUBLE

MUCKRAKER TURNED ADMINISTRATOR, RACHEL SCOTT IS A FLOP

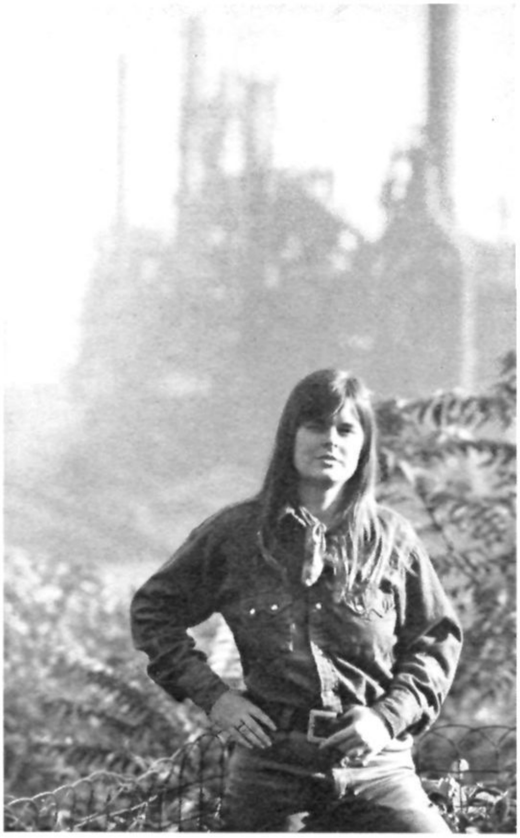
Muckraker Rachel Scott is the latest social critic to get burned in her political baptism of fire. After publishing a critically applauded book *Muscle and Blood* (PEOPLE, Nov. 11, 1974), on the appalling hazards to which tens of thousands of industrial workers in the U.S. are still exposed, Scott was appointed Director of Health and Safety for the Illinois Industrial Commission.

She left her job as a *Baltimore Sun* labor reporter at the behest of Gov. Daniel Walker to establish a model program in Illinois. She says, "I was told the governor wanted a showcase of industrial safety." The diminutive (5′3″), habitually blue-jeaned 27-year-old woman assumed the $25,000-a-year post in December. Wearing her intensity on the sleeve of her fringed buckskin jacket, she immediately impressed experienced safety engineers with her ambitious proposals to improve workers' conditions. But she says, "The fact that I'm a woman upset some people. The fact that I look about ten years younger than I am doesn't help either."

Scott was unable to get a personal hearing from the governor about her program. When the budget she and commission chairman Melvin Rosenbloom submitted was not forwarded to the state assembly, she resigned in anger, after serving just eight weeks.

"Nothing was changed during my time," she complains, "except a lot of people's hopes were raised. But I hope a lot of people's consciousnesses were raised too." Blaming the governor, she says bitterly, "Walker is Walker-oriented. As far as he was concerned, it was just another boring, mundane program." The governor's office comments, "As dollars grew scarce, we thought it best to turn OSHA [Occupational Safety and Health Administration] responsibilities back to the federal government."

Not much older but considerably wiser, Scott despairs that the "system" could ever rectify the industrial horrors she has documented. Admitting her naïveté now, she says ruefully, "It takes a different type of personality to be an administrator than a muckraker." Undaunted, she is moving to Washington—"I haven't unpacked for four years"—and pondering a new book about abuses inflicted on mental patients. □



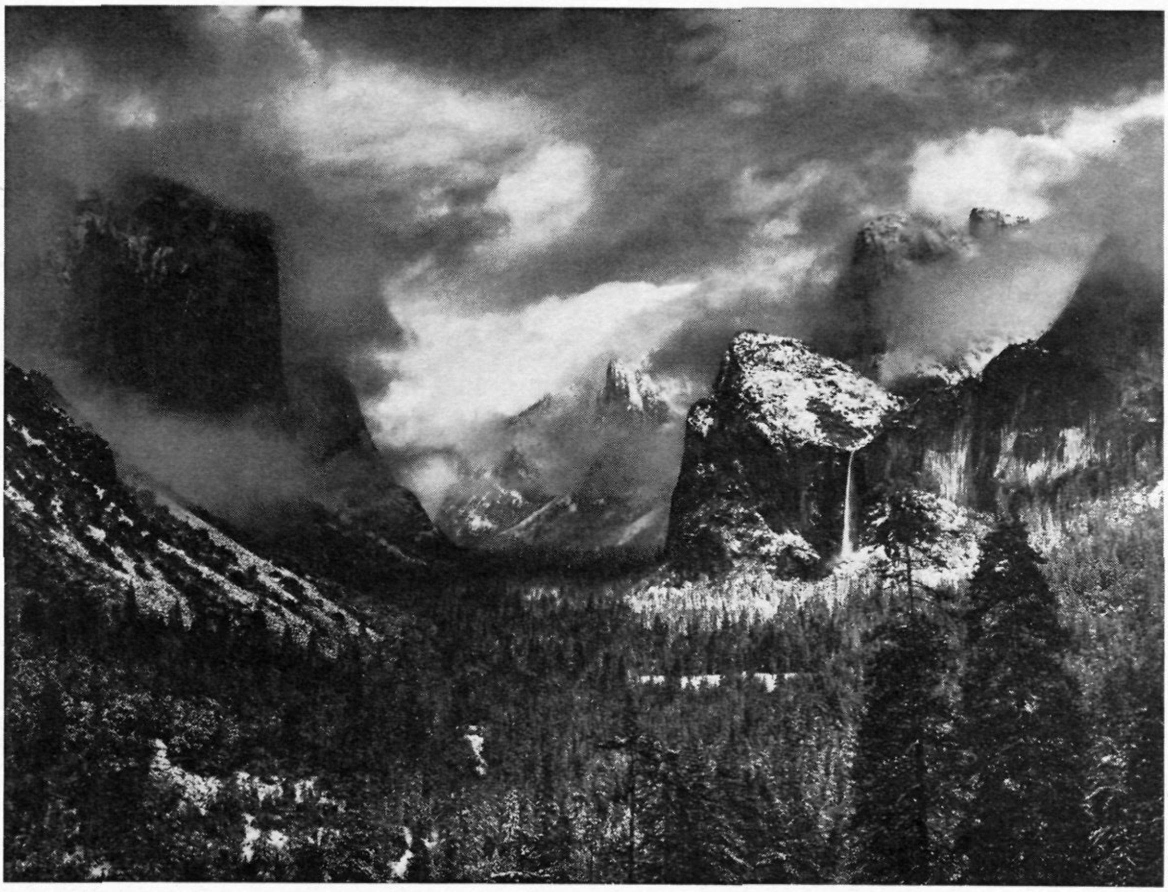
Before her disillusionment in Illinois, Rachel Scott posed confidently last November in front of a Pittsburgh steel mill promoting her book.

HENRY GROSSMAN

ARNOLD ZANN

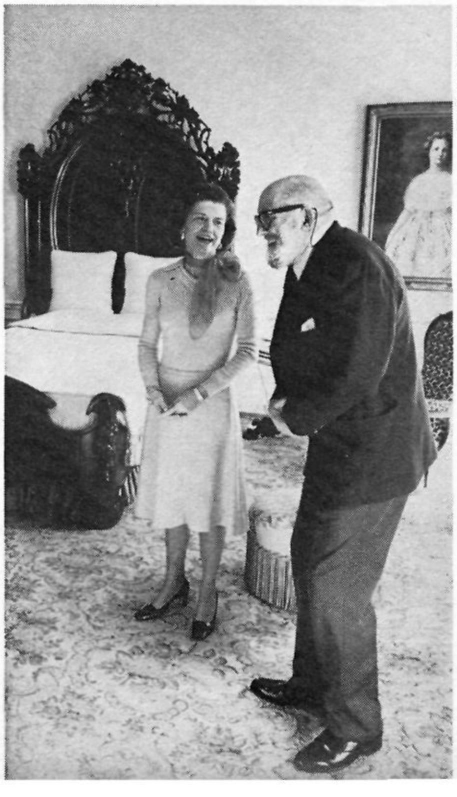
A burned-up Scott asks herself why she came to Illinois as she decamps from her Chicago apartment for Washington.

ANSEL ADAMS IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND BEFORE A BELOVED RIVAL'S CAMERA



COURTESY OF N.Y. GRAPHIC SOCIETY—© ANSEL ADAMS

Ansel Adams's 1944 photograph of snowy Yosemite now hangs opposite Gerald Ford's desk at the White House.



THE NEW YORK TIMES

Betty Ford loved the picture, she told Adams as they toured the Lincoln Bedroom, because "you can see the clouds move."

Together they represent 133 years of shutter-snapping. So when Ansel Adams, 73, the dean of nature photographers, got together recently with 91-year-old photographic doyenne Imogen Cunningham, the conversation was professional—and predictable. "Now, Ansel," declared the no-nonsense nonagenarian as she arrived at Adams's Carmel, Calif. home, "I'm going to take your picture, and then you're going to take my picture, and then one of your assistants will take pictures of both of us, and then we'll develop the film in your lab." Later Cunningham assessed the results: "I think we were both pretty perfect."

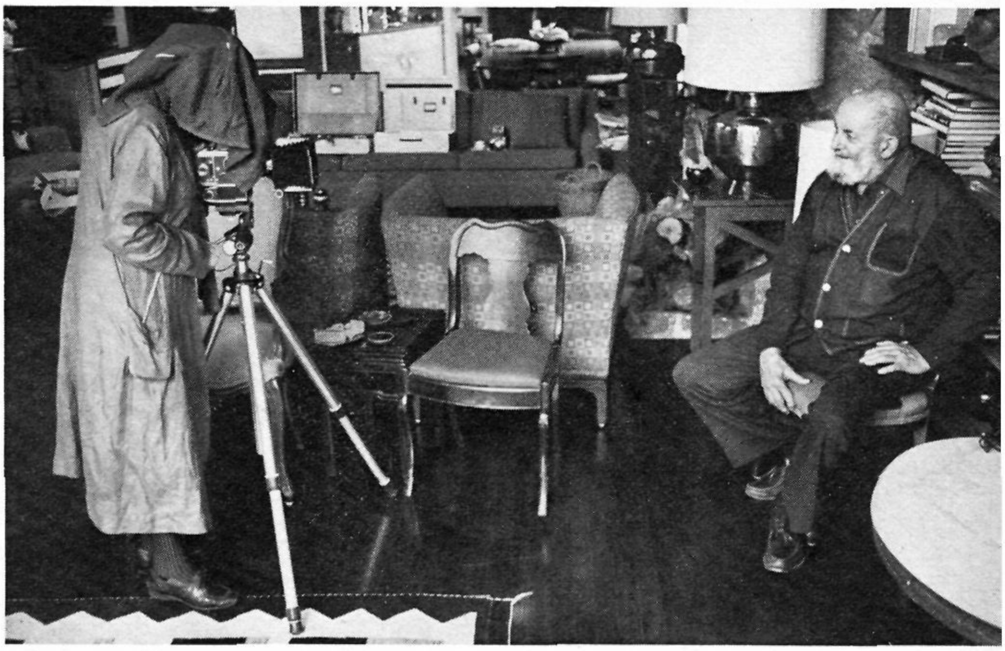
Camera buffs have been saying that about the two of them for half a century. Adams got his first camera, a box Brownie, in 1916, and began taking his world-famous photographs of Yosemite. Landing a job as a Sierra Club custodian in 1920, he trekked throughout the mountains with his cameras and tripod strapped to the back of a mule. Not surprisingly, it was at Yosemite that he met and courted Virginia Best, daughter of a painter. They were married in 1929.

A few years later he teamed up with Cunningham and other realists to form the "f/64 Group" (for the lens opening that gives unusually great depth of field). The group's exhibition at San Francisco's de Young Museum of straight rather than "artsy" pictures is considered a milestone. Shrugs Cunningham, "We weren't so hot." Maybe not, but recently a fan of Adams asked the photographer if he could have a print of *Clearing Winter Storm in the Yosemite Valley* to hang opposite the desk in his private office. Adams told former Yellowstone park ranger Gerald Ford that he would be happy to oblige and, at the suggestion of White House photographer David Kennerly, Adams was invited to put up the print himself. Says Adams: "The President and Mrs. Ford had seen my book [*Ansel Adams: Images 1923-1974*] and had gone bananas over that picture."

From their high-ceilinged aerie overlooking Carmel's rugged coastline, Ansel and Virginia Adams these days can watch spouting whales cruise by on their annual migration to Baja. But there is also plenty of activity in the workshop-studio, where Adams and his assistants are turning out prints of his most famous works at $500 each.

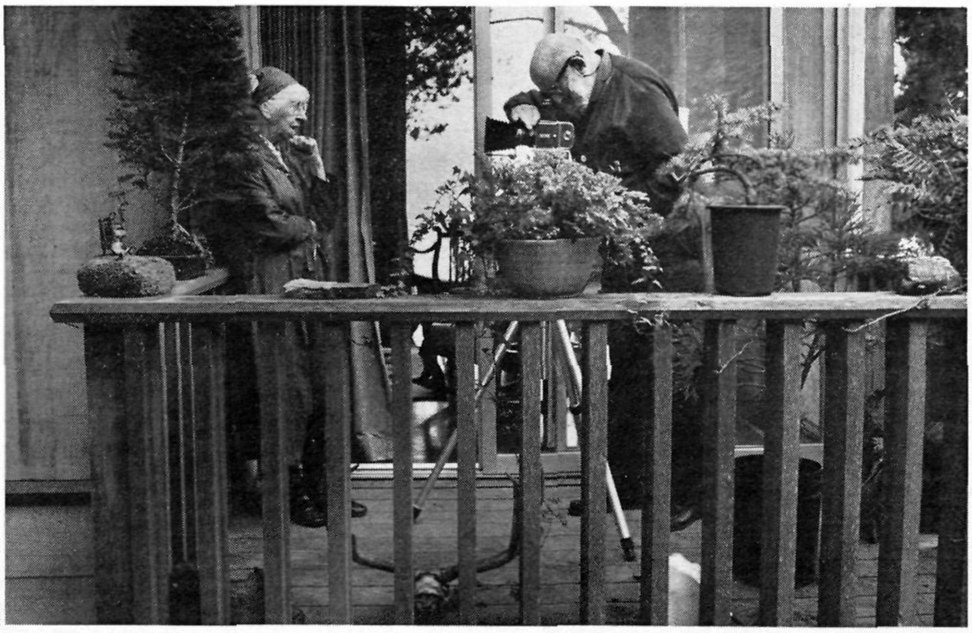
Though nearly a generation older than Adams, a fact she announces triumphantly, Cunningham is no less industrious. She made her first photograph in 1901 and is still hard at the job—leaping into and out of cars and through heavy doors without assistance, gleefully flashing the peace sign to hitchhikers on the road. Famous for her portraits, she has been honored for her pictures of such friends as Martha Graham and Georgia O'Keeffe. In 1915 she caused a minor scandal by photographing her husband, a printmaker named Roi Partridge, in the nude atop Mt. Rainier. "You couldn't chase a naked man around Rainier those days," says Cunningham, who shelved the series for 50 years.

As for her pictures of Adams (which she took at the request of PEOPLE), she said ecstatically: "Oh, look, I actually got him to frown. Ansel is such a smiley person. In fact, he's too damn nice." And Imogen? "I have a terrible reputation," she smiles. "And I intend to keep it." For what each saw in the other, turn the page. ☐

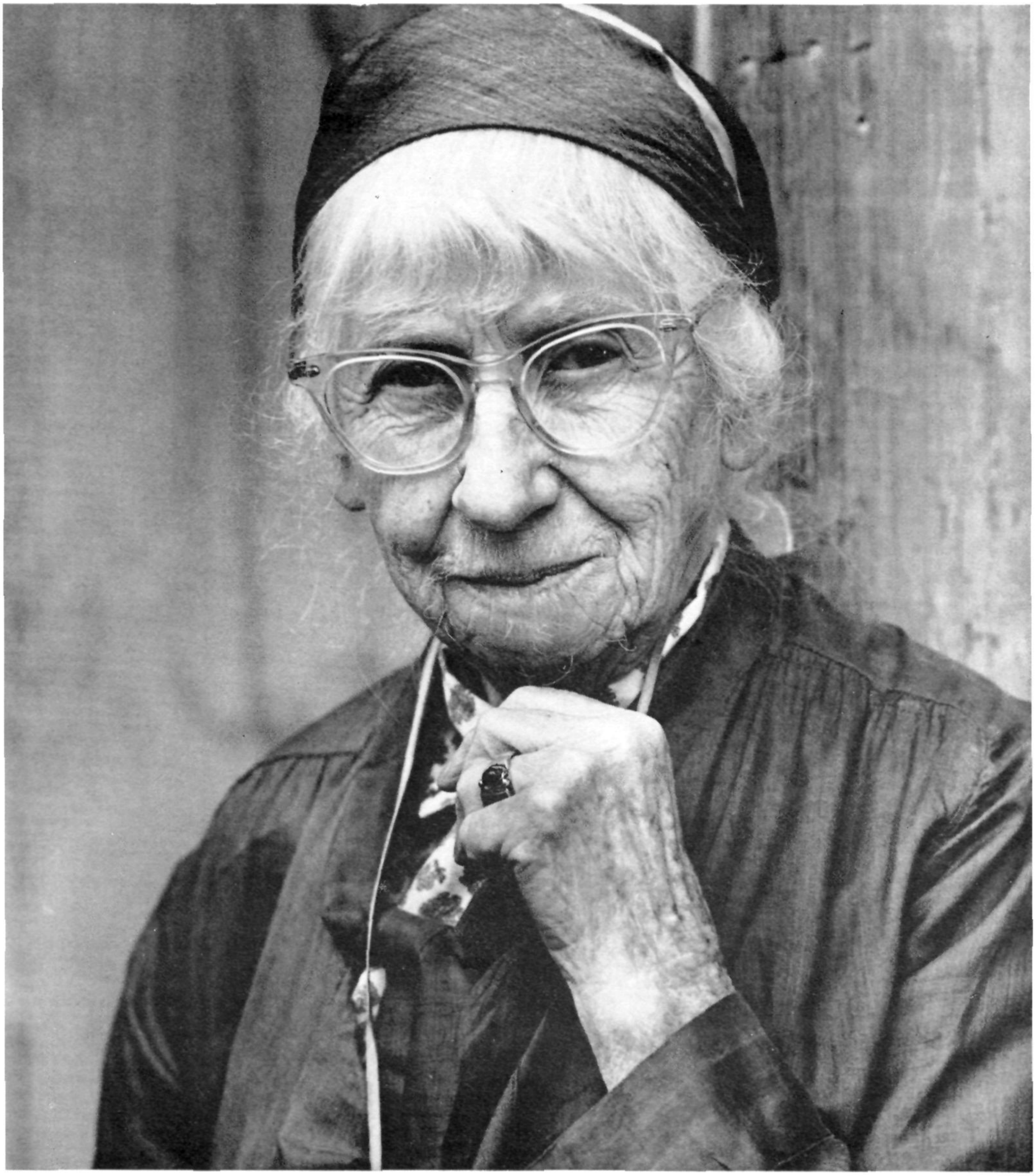


In his Carmel home Adams poses patiently as photographer Imogen Cunningham takes aim with her Rolleiflex.

Out on the deck it's Ansel's turn. "I have a reputation for being difficult," Imogen concedes, "but I can't help it."

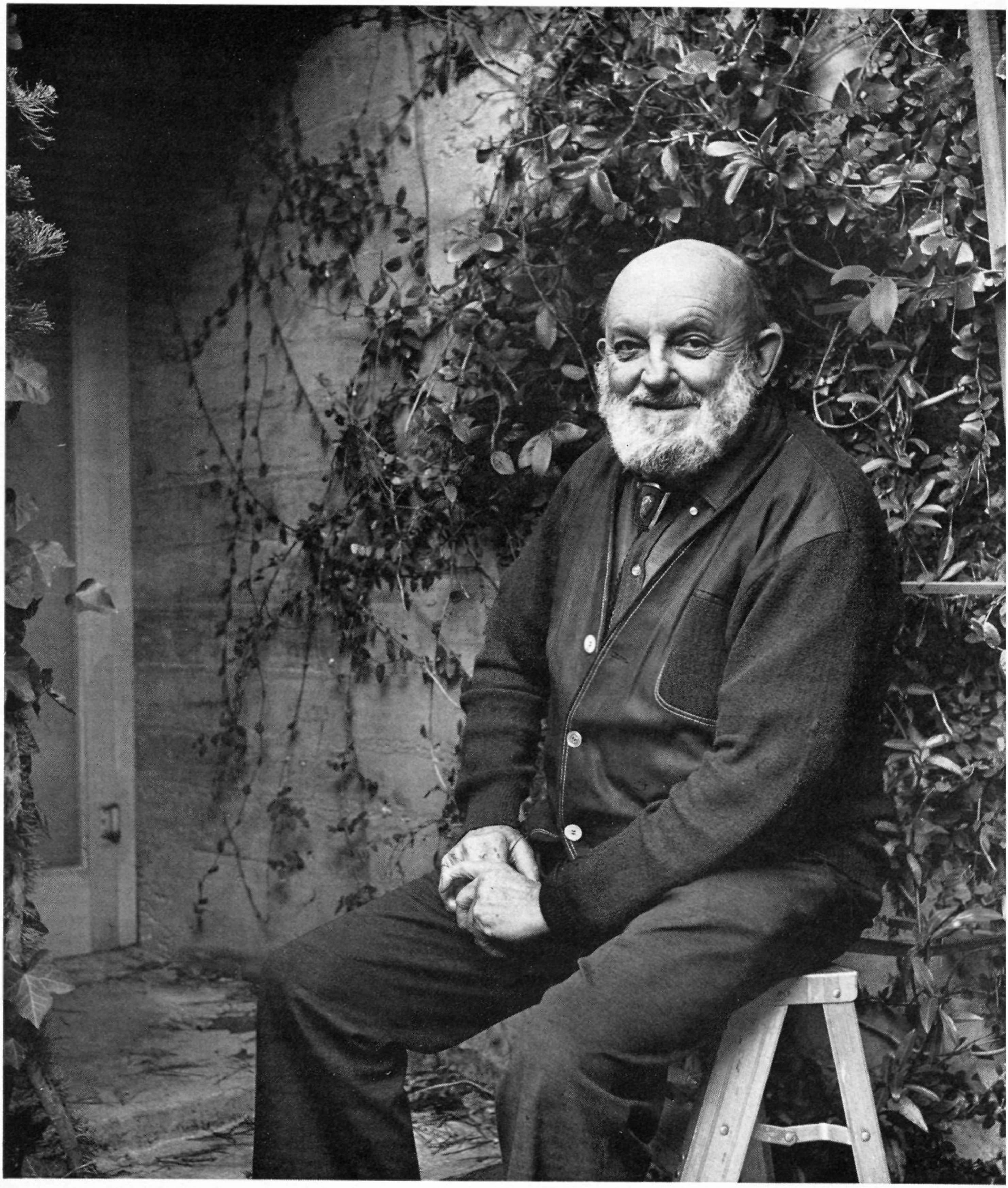


ALAN ROSS (2)



© Ansel Adams

Cunningham by Adams: "I call her my beloved rival. I've known her for 50 years, and I hope to know her another 50."



Adams by Cunningham: "We've had a running argument throughout the years. I admire his tenacity about technique. He has to be perfect. I don't care that much."

© Imogen Cunningham

SPLIT

SAN FRANCISCO'S MAYOR JOSEPH ALIOTO GETS THE NOT-SO-GOLDEN GATE

San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto, the successful lawyer son of an immigrant Sicilian fisherman, has had a political career with as many ups and downs as San Francisco's topography. The same goes for his marriage to Texas-born Angelina Genaro.

A year ago, during Alioto's unsuccessful run for governor, Angelina, his wife for 33 years (they are both 59), mother of six and grandmother to 12, left their Palm Springs hideaway and simply dropped out of sight. In desperation Alioto finally leaked the word of her disappearance, which set off a multistate police search. Eighteen days later Angelina surfaced in Santa Cruz, Calif., in what Mayor Alioto wryly calls "Madame's Grand Tour of the California Missions."

Afterward she told the press that the point of her escapade was to "punish my husband." Her complaint was the one endemic with politicians' wives: she felt neglected. Alioto, she said, had left her alone in the house 25 nights in one month. "All I want is to be wanted," said Angelina. For weeks she got most of the cheers at political rallies. Then rumors of marital trouble cropped up again.

As it turned out, the "Mission Tour" was just a warm-up. Like all aspiring politicians (his term as mayor runs out next January), Alioto likes to keep in touch with Washington—and there have even been rumors of a Ford cabinet post. On his return from his recent trip, a splendidly coiffed Angelina was at the San Francisco airport to greet him. The weekend before, hand-in-hand, the Aliotos toured city hall, then dined out together. The next day His Honor took off for work by bus—a part of his save fuel campaign. He arrived at city hall just in time to be served divorce papers, signed by Angelina while he was away.

For once the normally voluble mayor could come up with nothing better than, "Private relationships are not for public discussion. Let's leave it that way and see what develops." Angelina, active in several civic and cultural organizations, showed up next day at the San Francisco Symphony and announced, "I feel great, I feel fine." And the mayor, having signed over temporary possession of their $350,000 French renaissance mansion, moved in with his daughter Angela, "until Angelina gets over this."

That may be a while coming. Explains Angelina's lawyer, Lucille Athearn, "Mrs. Alioto is not a ding-a-ling. She feels she did what she had to do." She also feels she must ask for a share of his $6 million law business and his estate, estimated at much more. "Naturally, family is more important than politics," maintains Alioto. And if the two conflict? "What," asks the mayor, "would you like me to do—stop working?" Which sounds as if things were right back where they started.

NANCY FABER

Playfully patting her husband's cheek, a triumphant if still incensed Angelina last year told reporters why she had left him. "I wanted to punish him," she said, claiming that he had neglected her for politics.

UPI

Happy days seemed here again last year when the Aliotos posed with daughter Angela and her children.

Amidst the rococo trappings of their Presidio Heights manse, the Aliotos shared what Angelina called an all too rare moment of togetherness in 1972.

TED STRESKINSKY

LARRY TISCORNIA/SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

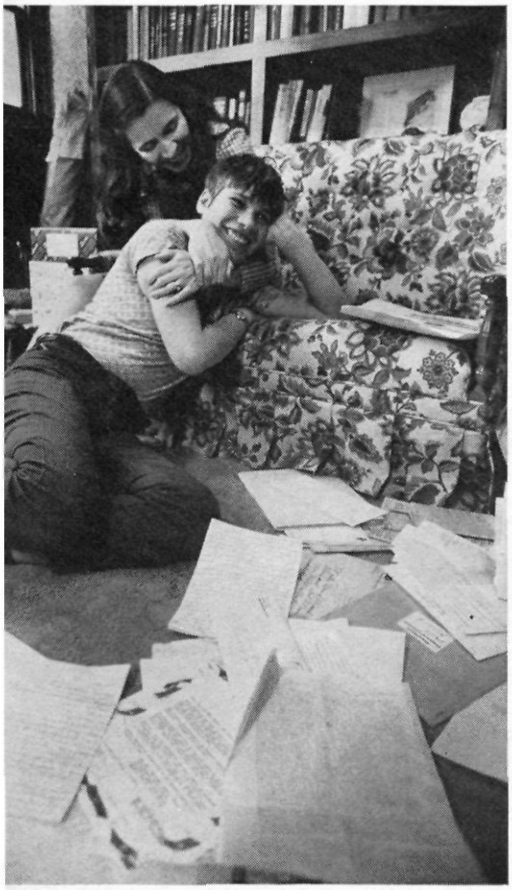
'MIDAS' MOSCH, 14, FINDS GOLD IN THEM THAR MINED-OUT HILLS

Most towns in the Colorado Rocky Mountains bear nostalgic reminders of gold-mining days—crumbling pit heads, a few grizzled old-timers and fading memories of prosperity; such a town is Idaho Springs (pop. 1,480), 45 minutes west of Denver. But few of its inhabitants have seriously prospected for gold in years.

Not, that is, until David Mosch, a taciturn 14-year-old junior geologist digging away on vacations and after school, discovered what the local assayer calls "the best find that's showed up around these parts in more than 40 years." If early tests are correct, the vein could yield as much as $3.5 million in gold ore.

The son of a former Beech Aircraft worker and a mother who is a graduate of the Colorado School of Mines, David and his sisters, Cindy, 15, and Sue Ann, 11, have long had the "mining bug." Much of their inspiration came from tales of David's grandfather, Rudolph Gerhardt von Mosch, who walked all the way from New York to Colorado in the 1870s in search of gold. (He didn't find any, but that part of the story never bothered the kids.) For years David has been reading up on geology and asking for odd birthday gifts like hard hats and head lamps. On his 11th birthday David got the crucial prospecting chisel and hammer and predicted, "I'm going to find a gold mine."

He had plenty of land to prospect. Over the past seven years, the Mosch-



Surrounded by the mother lode of mail he has received since his find, David gets a hug from Mom, herself a mining engineer.

David and his sister, Sue Ann, still continue searching for gold by panning in streams near their home in Idaho Springs.

On this Colorado hillside, David, accompanied by his dog, first found the vein that may be worth over $3 million.

Photographs by Jodi Gobb

IN THE MONEY

David chops away for nuggets in this old abandoned mine where prospectors took out a mere $200,000 in gold.

es have been buying up some 200 old mining claims, usually for little more than back taxes, confident not only that gold prices would spiral but that they would someday find the precious stuff. But it wasn't until last September that David, working alone, found some interesting samples on a hillside close by what had once been a rich mine. He took them down to a stream to pan. Ignoring his dad's assurance that it was only old mine scraps, David took the samples to the town's only remaining assayer, George Treder, who verified that young Mosch indeed had struck gold. "The old-timers probably walked on that vein a thousand times," says Treder, "and never knew what they were standing on."

David's father immediately dubbed him "Midas" Mosch, but David is not counting his nuggets until they're mined—and that can't happen until the family lays in the jackhammers, compressors and other costly equipment needed to remove the ore. Having turned down offers of help from big mining firms who "ask too much in return," the Mosches plan to go it alone, and already have a head start with $20,000 worth of second-hand equipment.

Meanwhile, David is sticking to less glamorous work—earning money by shoveling his neighbors' snowy walks. One quandary remains unsolved as yet: how to respond to the marriage proposals he has been receiving from young ladies who think Midas is a pretty good prospect.

FRANK MOYA

SEQUEL

Newly released from custody, Anna de Portal and her daughter Marie-Agnès enjoy a walk on the beach at Montpellier.

CHRISTIAN VIOUJARD/GAMMA

THE PORTAL WOMEN ARE FREED, AND THEIR WAR IS ON AGAIN

Police arrested the women after the January gun battle, which began when son Jean-Louis de Portal shot at farm workers hired by the new owner of the estate.

WIDE WORLD

France's unlikely new folk heroine, Anna de Portal, 51, and her daughter, Marie-Agnès, 24 (PEOPLE, Feb. 3, 1975), had just spent more than a month under guard in the psychiatric wing of a Toulouse hospital. Upon their release they frolicked briefly on a Mediterranean beach, then resumed undaunted the struggle to reclaim their family estate.

The struggle has already cost the life of Mme. Portal's only son, Jean-Louis, 22. He was fatally shot Jan. 10 by local police after he had fired on them as they stormed the Portal château.

His mother and sister were arrested then for their part in a two-year defiance of legal authorities. It began when the 314-acre Portal estate, bankrupt and decaying, was sold in a court auction for a *chanson*—$80,000. In the hospital the Portal women were allowed to see only their lawyers, but Marie-Agnès—in a television interview through wire mesh that covered her window—cried out, "We have not killed anyone! We have not stolen anything! Why are we locked up?" All France listened and wondered.

Three court-appointed psychiatrists declared the women legally irresponsible and potentially dangerous. Many of the Portals' neighbors had considered them *complètement dingue* —"absolutely looney"—ever since the recently widowed Léonce de Portal, 65, had married Anna, his 26-year-old housemaid, in 1950.

But the French press began to portray Anna as a combination Joan of Arc and Alfred Dreyfus, and in February the Minister of Justice released the Portals in the custody of a psychiatrist.

Two days later they were on a TV panel show, armed with stacks of documents "proving" the estate still belonged to them, and ignoring the admonitions of their lawyers that they were committing slander. They are also accusing the police of murdering Jean-Louis. The Portals' pathetic little *guerre* was obviously far from *finie*. ☐

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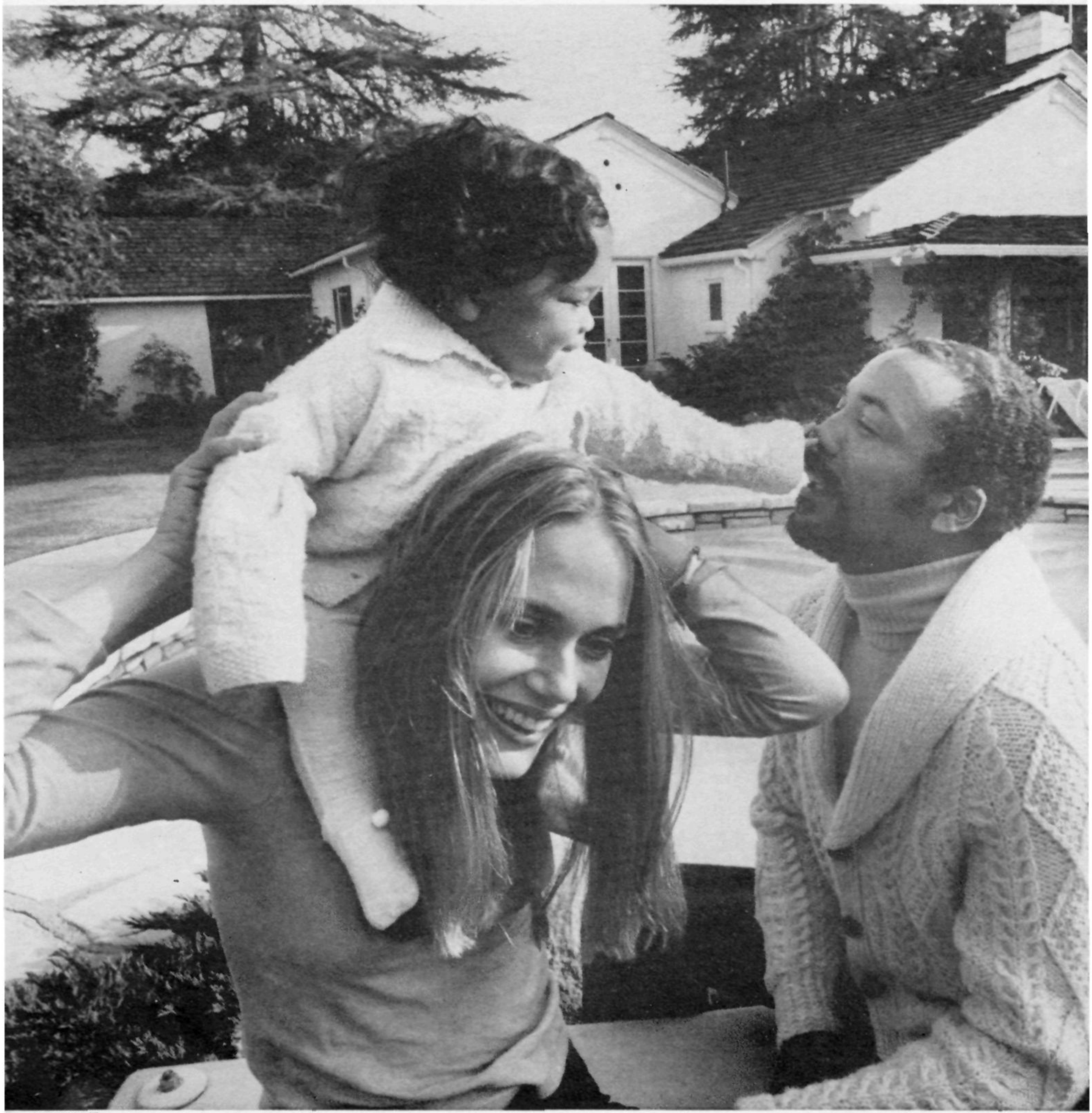
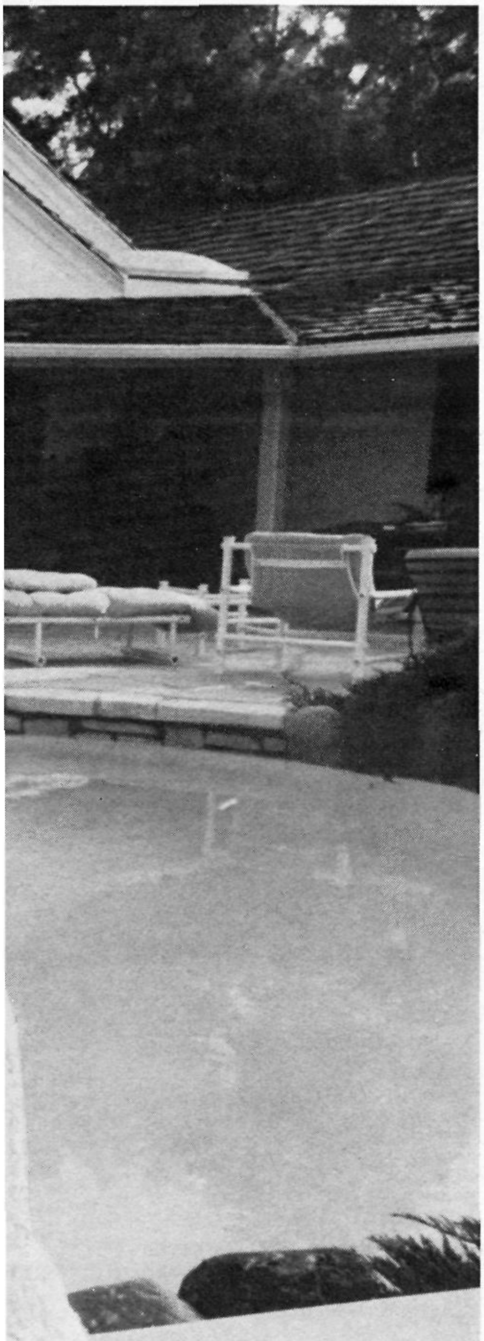
Moments count with Quincy Jones, Peggy Lipton and Kidada. Dad nearly died last year.



BILL EPPRIDGE

COUPLES

QUINCY JONES AND PEGGY LIPTON: DEATH NEARLY DID THEM PART



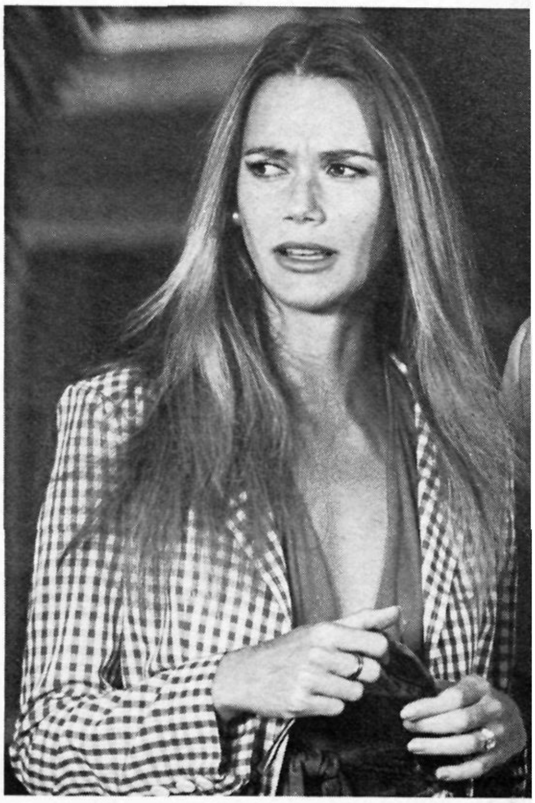
Quincy Jones and Peggy Lipton were celebrating their third year of unwedded bliss last August in their accustomed cool style. Quincy, jazz artist extraordinaire and composer of more than 50 film scores, had just learned that his orchestra's sophisticated new album, *Body Heat*, was selling like pop-rock bubble gum. Peggy, happily sprung from her five-year stretch as the blond teenycopper on ABC's *Mod Squad*, was playing housewife and nursing their 5-month-old daughter, Kidada. Then, in a terrifying moment, Quincy suddenly collapsed on the bedroom floor of their Los Angeles house. "I felt as if the back of my head had been taken off with a shotgun blast," he recalls.

Two blood vessels in Jones's brain had popped, and for six days he wavered near death, unaware even of his own name. "If you don't want to live, it's so easy to go," he says. "But all I could think was, 'God, I'm not ready yet.' " Brain surgeons operated, discovered an even more dangerous aneurism, and scheduled a second operation in eight weeks with the warning that even if he survived, permanent paralysis was a possibility. Quincy remembers having "to sign papers about what to do with the body. For a few weeks I went crazy with money."

But sanely, too, during this period he finally got a divorce from his second wife (Swedish model Eula Andersson), and the next day Quincy and Peggy were married in the garden of her parents' Beverly Hills home. Then followed the perfect wedding gifts. *Body Heat* went gold and, like 30 of Quincy's previous records and albums, was nominated for a Grammy. Most important, his seven-and-a-half-hour second operation was a success. "The doctor told me that they sawed off my skull and put it on the table," he marvels. "Then they put it back on with six metal clips."

Otherwise, the 42-year-old Jones is all but completely recovered. Though he suffers some memory lapses,

Composer-conductor Jones, whose Afro was since shaved for brain surgery, won a gold record and Grammy nomination for his jazz album 'Body Heat.'



On ABC's 'Mod Squad,' Lipton played a prostitute's runaway daughter turned cop. She retired with the series in 1973.

Quincy has cut a new album, and this week he and his latest band launch a two-month concert tour in San Francisco. Joining them will be Peggy, who hasn't performed since the Mods made their last collar in 1973, and Kidada (her name means "Little Sister" in Swahili). Peggy likes to sing along with Quincy's group in a voice he describes as "smoky, but needs work." The first time she tried it in Japan, she says, "I was more nervous than I had ever been in my whole life."

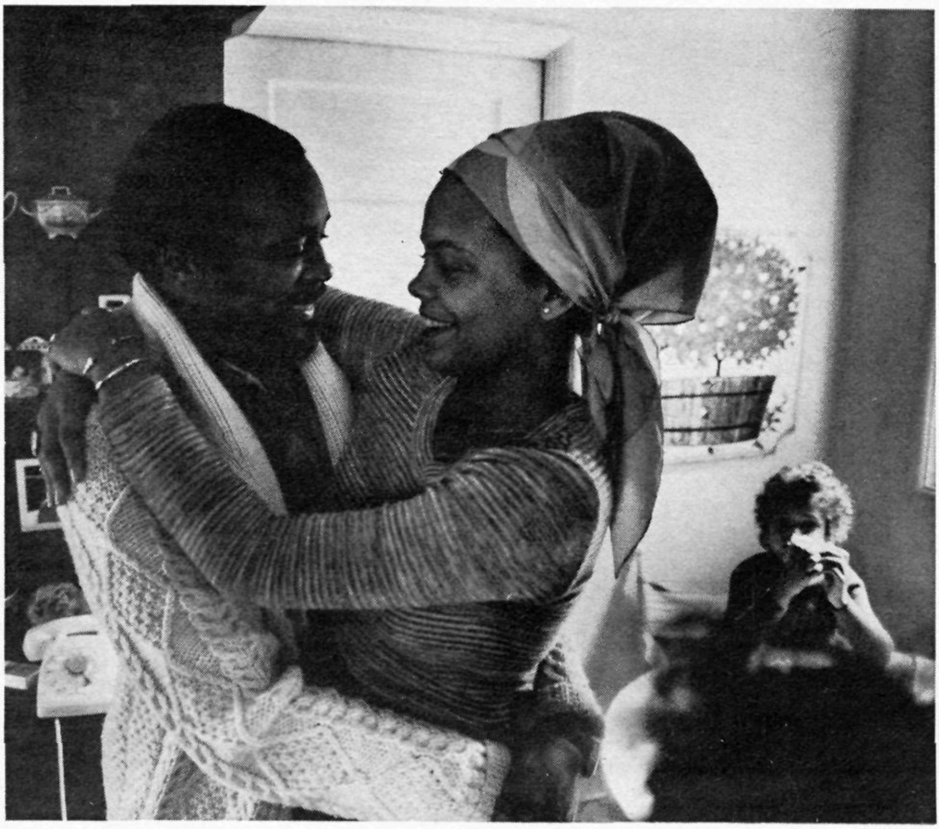
She is talking about 28 years. Her father, a prosperous Jewish lawyer, set up her first modeling jobs in New York, where they then lived. Her mother, a rather driven artist, encouraged her to take acting lessons. And with that kind of pressure, Peggy developed a cover-girl smile—and a stammer that still lingers when she's nervous. When the Liptons moved to L.A., Peggy worked as a movie usherette before acting in TV dramas like *Bewitched*. She evolved into what she calls "a Topanga Canyon hippie," living on cottage cheese and rice cakes and drifting from meditation to yoga, until 1968. That was when *Mod*'s youth-smitten producers picked her wounded-canary looks for the female hipster of the three-agent squad. "I enjoyed it, but I didn't realize how violent *Mod Squad* was," she says now. "When it was over, I was so happy I couldn't wait."

Quincy bloomed just as rapidly as Peggy. One of a carpenter's nine kids, he grew up near Seattle, where he started a gospel quartet at the age of 13 and was blowing trumpet and writing songs with buddy Ray Charles (who though only two years older is still referred to by Jones as "the guru"). Quincy's composing for the Seattle University band won him a scholarship to Boston's Berklee School of Music, and he also studied in Paris with the master teacher Nadia Boulanger. As arranger-writer-trumpeter, he was a formative music figure, touring the world, playing the White House, working with the great bands of the time —Lionel Hampton, Tommy Dorsey, Dizzy Gillespie and a 30-piece orchestra of his own that included flutes and

STANLEY TRETICK

L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley (right) declared a "Quincy Jones Day" after his recovery. Martina, Quincy's daughter from his second marriage, was among the guests.

Quincy gets a hug from his oldest daughter, Jolie, 22, a star model, who introduced him to Peggy. That's Quincy III, his son from his second marriage, looking on.



BILL EPPRIDGE

flugelhorns. Then, in 1961, after getting into a bind with the IRS, Quincy alienated the purists but made back his bundle in Hollywood by pioneering the first jazz soundtracks for such movies as *In Cold Blood*, *In the Heat of the Night* and *The Getaway*.

Quincy met Peggy in 1969 in the Bahamas on a sailboat chartered by a mutual friend. "I thought he was adorable," she says, "but there was no point in getting excited." Two years later, after dating the likes of Ryan O'Neal and Elvis Presley, Peggy was tipped that Quincy had just split with his wife. She pumped a model friend, Quincy's oldest daughter, Jolie, about her chances, and "Jolie called back and said I was definitely in the top ten." ("But you had a bullet, baby," Quincy now quips in record-trade lingo for a fast-rising hit.)

The next time Quincy ate at Jolie's, guess who came to dinner? "Jolie was cooking corned beef hash," remembers the then horrified Peggy, still a health-food freak. "But I said to myself, 'If I'm going to spend the rest of my life with him, I'm just going to have to give up vegetarianism.' " She also had to take up cooking because, says Quincy chauvinistically, "she couldn't even manage cornflakes, and I don't believe in a woman who can't cook." Within a month Quincy moved in with her, though he insists that "if we hadn't ordered food in, we would have starved."

Peggy still talks wistfully of resuming her fledgling musical career but admits that "after two years of laying back and being a mother I'm not sure." For 10 months she was "hooked" on breast-feeding her daughter, whom she plans to send to Montessori classes at 2½ and then to UCLA's experimental grammar school. "If there was a public school where she wouldn't be the only black or mixed kid," she continues, "I would do that."

Jones, more frenetic, has been working 18 or 19 hours a day finishing his album. "I can't do those 24-hour days anymore," he finds, but he isn't complaining. He knows what Stevie Wonder, recently recovered from his near-fatal auto crash, meant when he called and asked, "You saw the high ground, didn't you?" Says Jones: "I feel blessed."
BARBARA WILKINS

BILL EPPRIDGE

Pre-Quincy, Peggy scoffed that "a man-woman relationship can't work in this town, because there is just too great an availability of bodies around."

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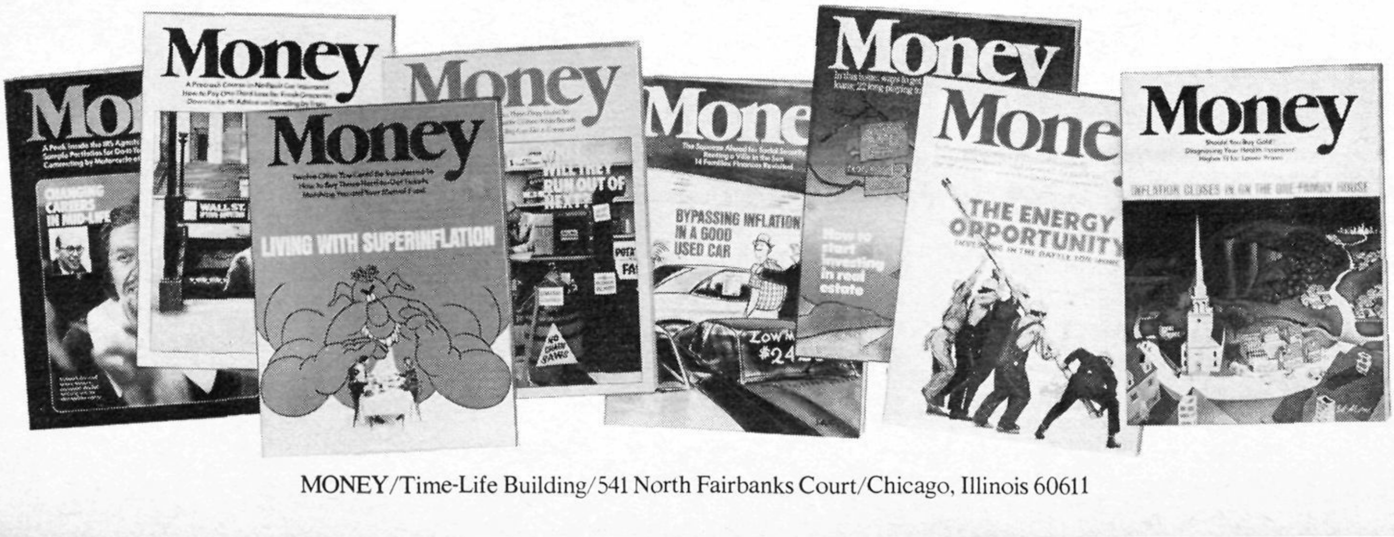
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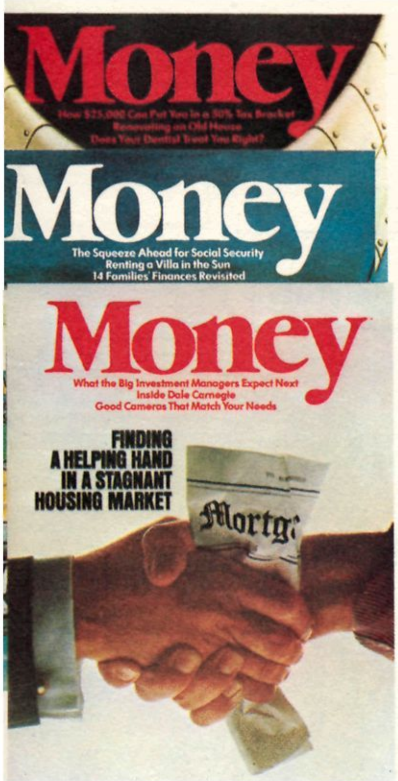
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LOOKOUT

A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING

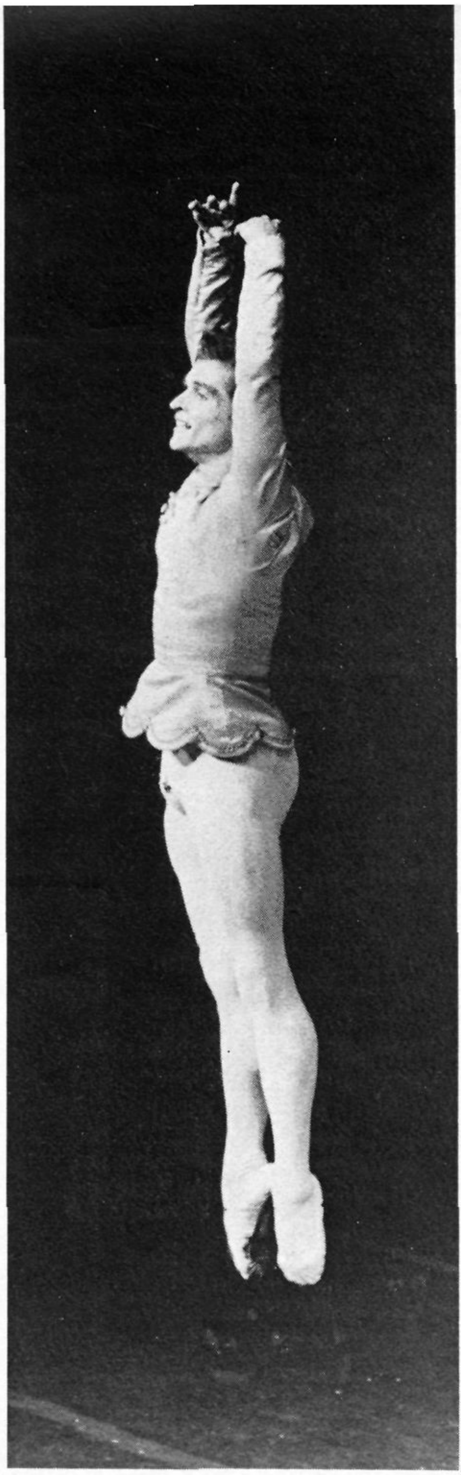
MARC POKEMPNER/UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Dr. Carrie Walters recalls that she first became interested in neurology when, as a schoolgirl, she watched a teacher dissect a worm and became "fascinated with the little ganglion chain within it." Her parents, retailers in Salem, Oreg., were quite perplexed by Carrie's passion, but Carrie pursued it through Northwestern Medical School, earning her M.D. in 1971. Today, as a 29-year-old in her third year of residency at the University of Chicago hospital, she is one of only eight female residents in neurosurgery in the U.S.

"This profession does infringe on your personal life," confesses Dr. Walters, who says it would be impossible to meet her demanding schedule with a husband or children. "This really is my life here at the hospital." But working a minimum 11-hour day ("People don't get sick from just 9 to 5") is not without rewards. "If, by our surgery, we can extend meaningful life for six hours or six months, I feel good."

WARREN TAYLOR

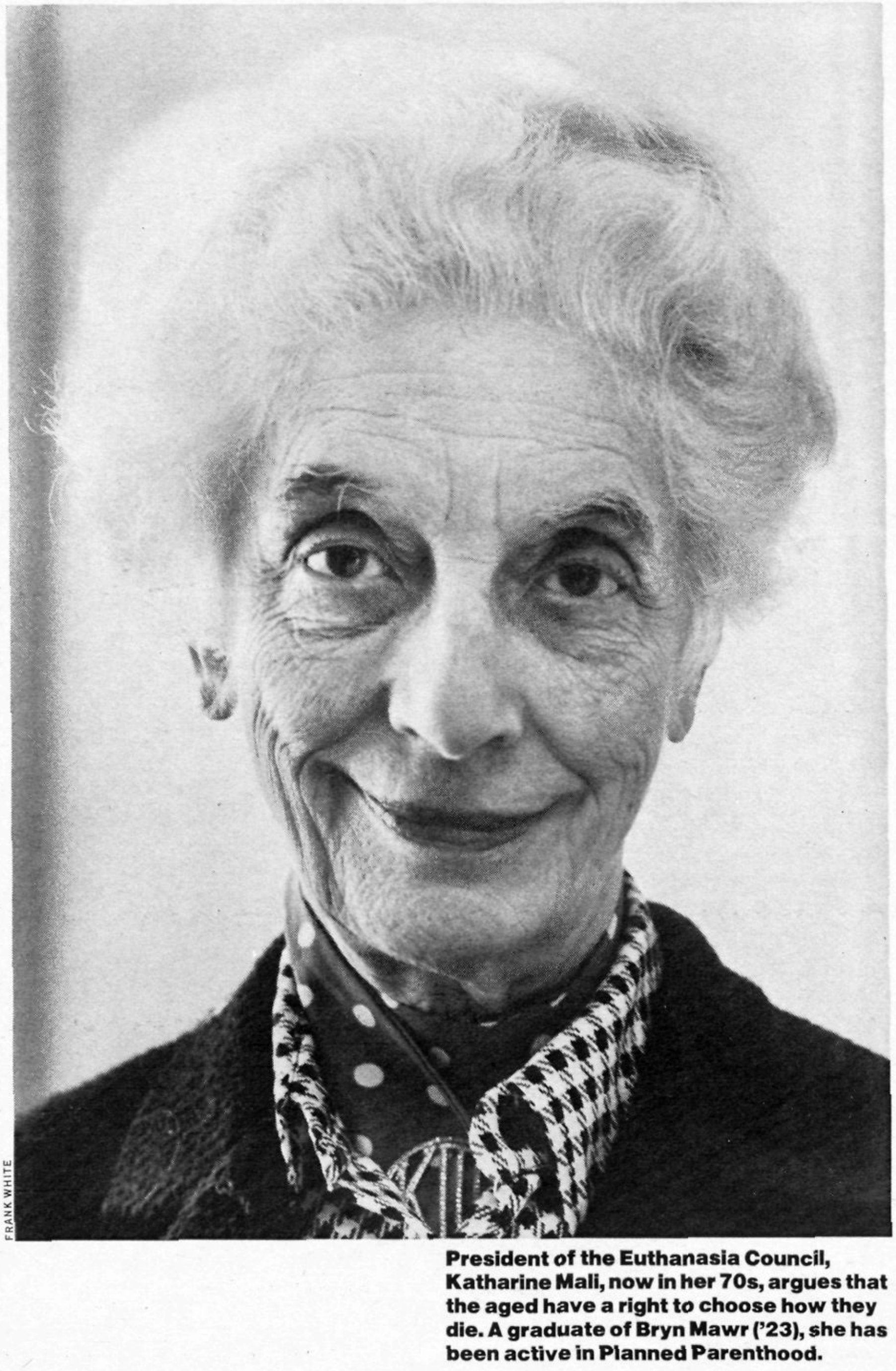
Carrie McDowell, 11, has already dazzled *Tonight Show* audiences with a speaker-blowing voice and a sassy act that reaches its crescendo with a remarkably Garlandesque version of *Over the Rainbow*. The four-foot tall, 60-pound Des Moines native made her stage debut at the National Hobo Convention in Iowa last spring. Since that time, helped along by friendly sponsors named Rowan and Martin—"Uncles Dan and Dick are so nice to me"—she's played the Las Vegas Hilton and made her first TV guest spots. Carrie—who is out of school but tutored—has got an album upcoming, along with more club dates and TV. While listeners love her ballads, she loves to sock out rock—"I don't want to get typed."



MARTHA SWOPE

Peter Schaufuss claims his parents, both distinguished Danish ballet dancers, "didn't push me into it." Maybe not. Isn't Schaufuss the German for *show foot*? In any case, Peter, at 25, is drawing raves from the critics for his fancy footwork, and as the New York City Ballet prepares to open its spring season, he is the principal to watch. Having danced in Canada, England and Russia, as well as his native Denmark, he emigrated to New York last fall with his talented wife (Spanish-born dancer Maria Guerrero) to work with NYCB's choreographic genius George Balanchine—"the best thing that ever happened to me."

IN HER OWN WORDS


FRANK WHITE

President of the Euthanasia Council, Katharine Mali, now in her 70s, argues that the aged have a right to choose how they die. A graduate of Bryn Mawr ('23), she has been active in Planned Parenthood.

"We hope that you will understand what we have done even though some of you will disapprove of it and some be disillusioned by it." The plea was contained in a letter (see box) sent out to their friends. With that, church leader Dr. Henry Pitney Van Dusen, former president of the Union Theological Seminary, and his wife, Elizabeth, swallowed an overdose of sleeping pills last month in their Princeton, N.J. home. Mrs. Van Dusen, 80 and suffering from arthritis, died within hours. Her 77-year-old husband, who had had a devastating stroke five years ago, died 15 days later. The Van Dusens' suicide because of declining health added to the debate over a person's right to end his life under conditions of his own choosing. Mrs. Katharine Mali, a close friend of the Van Dusens, is now president of the Euthanasia Educational Council, of which Dr. Van Dusen was a member. She talked with Christopher P. Andersen of PEOPLE *about the right to die with dignity.*

What is a good working definition of euthanasia?

The word is from the Greek *eu*, meaning good, and *thanatos*, death. Hence a "good death." A lot of people mistakenly call it mercy-killing. Then, of course, Hitler sullied the word by using it to describe his atrocities in the extermination camps.

What is the aim of the Euthanasia Council?

We take the position that supporting measures should not be used to prolong dying cases or terminal illness with intractable pain or irreversible brain damage, and that medication should be given the dying in sufficient quantity to eliminate pain, even if it tends to shorten life.

Did Dr. and Mrs. Van Dusen consult the Euthanasia Council before their suicide?

A JOINT SUICIDE—AND THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE A 'GOOD DEATH'

Yes, but we went to Dr. Van Dusen first. Eight years ago we asked his advice on the moral rightness of euthanasia. In 1968 he moderated a conference on the topic, and Dr. Van Dusen was among the first of our members to draw up a Living Will. As it turned out, he was a great leader in death as well as in life.

Didn't the ancient Greeks and Romans actually approve of euthanasia and suicide?

No, there was as much difference of opinion in those times as today. Plato was against it at first, but eventually changed his mind. Socrates made no objection to taking the hemlock. Seneca the Stoic said, "As I choose the ship in which I will sail and the house I will inhabit, so I will choose the death by which I leave life." Pythagoras, on the other hand, was ferociously opposed to euthanasia, and I believe that the Christian notion that suicide and euthanasia are wrong may have been adapted from the Pythagorean approach—that we are "the chattels of God and without his command we have no right to make our escape."

Isn't it true that most Christian denominations are against taking one's own life?

Don't confuse suicide with euthanasia. Granted, they are extremely hard to keep apart, and I am not taking a position on suicide *per se*. That's strictly up to the individual. Euthanasia is definitely not a religious issue. "The removal of pain and consciousness by means of drugs," said Pope Pius XII in 1957, "is permitted by religion and morality to both doctor and patient, even if the use of drugs will shorten life."

How do you respond to those who argue against euthanasia on religious grounds?

There is a fatal flaw in that argument.

MARTHA HOLMES

Long before his stroke and her arthritis, Pitney and Elizabeth Van Dusen were joined in the living room of their Princeton home by their sons, Hugh, Derek and John, for a family portrait. The date was 1954.

The Van Dusens' letter

To all friends and relations,

We hope that you will understand what we have done even though some of you will disapprove of it and some be disillusioned by it.

We have both had very full and satisfying lives. Pitney has worked hard and with great dedication for the church. I have had an adventurous and happy life. We have both had happy lives and our children have crowned this happiness.

But since Pitney had his stroke five years ago, we have not been able to do any of the things we want to do and were able to do, and my arthritis is much worse.

There are too many helpless old people who without modern medical care would have died, and we feel God would have allowed them to die when their time had come.

Nowadays it is difficult to die. We feel that this way we are taking will become more usual and acceptable as the years pass.

Of course the thought of our children and our grandchildren makes us sad, but we still feel that this is the best way and the right way to go. We are both increasingly weak and unwell and who would want to die in a nursing home.

We are not afraid to die.

We send you all our love and gratitude for your wonderful support and friendship.

"O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world
Have mercy upon us
O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world
Grant us thy peace."

Sincerely,
Elizabeth B. Van Dusen
Henry P. Van Dusen

FRANK WHITE

Outside their Manhattan apartment, Mrs. Mali (center) strolls with her husband, Henry, who has had a cataract operation, and sister, Anna Lord Strauss, ex-head of the League of Women Voters.

If you want to say euthanasia in effect tampers with God's law, then you must also recognize that this is what modern medicine is doing all the time. For example, pneumonia was always called "the old man's friend," because usually it meant comparatively quick death. No longer. Now an elderly person suffering from terminal cancer can be saved from pneumonia, but to what purpose? Until recently we did not have antibiotics, transfusions, kidney machines, pacemakers and respirators. These are wonderful developments, of course. But they "tamper with God's law," and raise a host of questions. When and how should such powers be used? Just because we can, must we?

How do most doctors feel about euthanasia?

Some are outspokenly in favor of it, others are just as strongly opposed. The rest won't talk about the subject but quietly do what they think best in each individual case, even if it means ceasing to prolong life needlessly.

Why is it that some physicians feel they must keep their patients alive at any cost?

Strangely enough, some do this strictly for scientific reasons. They want to maintain what they feel is a good track record by keeping a person technically "alive" as long as possible. Also, there is a tremendous amount of personal pride involved. There is a deep feeling of failure exemplified by the phrase, "I just lost a patient." Why should a doctor feel guilty? Everything has to die.

Doesn't euthanasia give rise to some rather sizable legal problems?

From the criminal standpoint, active euthanasia—say, a lethal injection of a drug administered to a terminal patient—can result in a charge of murder. So far as I know, what few such cases there have been over the years ended in acquittal. But the real legal obstacle is malpractice in the case of passive euthanasia, that is, when a physician pulls the plug on life-support mechanisms to allow his patient to die. Angry relatives or friends might charge the physician.

What has been the consequence?

Medicine is practiced defensively, with every known technique used. Thus a hospital administrator or a doctor can say that he did everything possible to save the patient—regardless of whether it means torture for the patient, financial ruin for his family and the waste of facilities that could be used to treat a curable patient.

What then is the solution?

We think it is the Living Will, a document that simply reads: "If the time comes when I can no longer take part in decisions for my own future, let this statement stand as the testament of my wishes: if there is no reasonable expectation of my recovery, I request that I be allowed to die and not be kept alive by artificial means or heroic measures. I do not fear death as much as I

LEONARD MC COMBE

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, clinical psychiatrist and author of *On Death and Dying*: "We do a lousy job with old people who are not functioning very well. Suicide is not part of my faith, but who is to judge? This was a way for them to die together with dignity."

The Van Dusens' act: right or wrong?

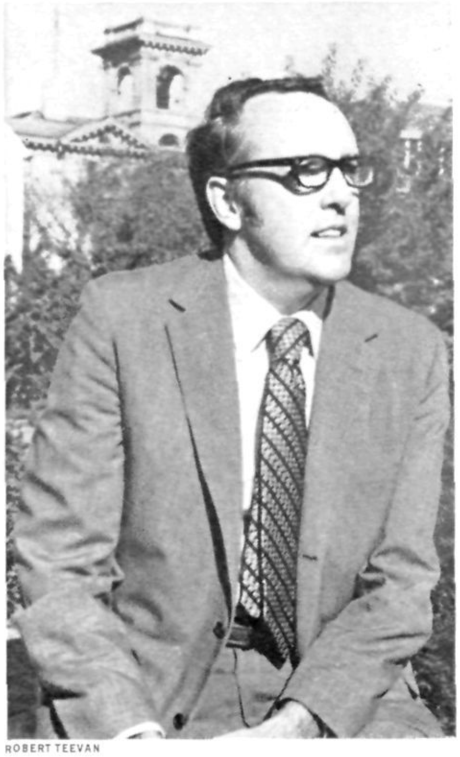
Paul Ramsey, theologian, author and professor of religion at Princeton University: "I knew Pit Van Dusen very well. I feel they did it in great faith. I disagree with what they did. It was not a rational suicide, because they had some good years to live."

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

JILL KREMENTZ

Marya Mannes, author of *Last Rights*: "I frankly applaud the Van Dusens because they've faced reality. There are times when you come to the end of the line. I'm not for suicide as a solution. But as long as you're not harming others, suicide is your right."

Daniel C. Maguire, theologian, author of *Death by Choice* and an ex-priest: "The official Catholic position would look on this suicide as immoral, but I see it as moral—and possibly heroic. To bring on death by suicide, when death is the only remaining relief, is a positive action."


ROBERT TEEVAN

fear the indignity of deterioration, dependence and hopeless pain."

How does the Living Will work?

If, for example, you are hit by a truck and are unable to make the decision for yourself, your physician and relatives will know what to do on your behalf. The document is a way of informing them of your wishes in a clear and concise way, without sounding morbid. So far, we have had a half-million requests for free copies of the Living Will. One Texan wrote and said that he wanted to fill out a Living Will because "When Gabriel blows his horn, no S.O.B. is going to keep me from going."

Is it legally binding?

Not yet. But there have been statutes proposed to give it the force of law before the legislatures of 13 states—Delaware, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Montana, Oregon, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

Doesn't this open a Pandora's box of possible abuses?

I guess anything can be abused. I suppose if your relatives can't wait to inherit your fortune, you are in trouble. The only safeguard is trust. Before contemplating a Living Will, be sure you have absolute trust in your doctor and your relatives.

What kinds of people appear to be most interested in euthanasia?

There didn't used to be anybody but old crocks. A century ago, people were often exposed to death at a rather early age. Today people often don't experience a death in the family until middle age, and then it is hidden away in a sterile hospital room. Even medical and nursing students complain bitterly that they are not given any training to prepare them for the moment when they face a patient's death. They may dissect a cadaver that they've named Alphonse, but that's the extent of it. This is just another one of the reasons why dying in a hospital is so impersonal and degrading. If you possibly can, die at home.

Have you noticed a significant change in public attitudes toward death in recent years?

In the past there was not much opposition to euthanasia because people didn't even want to talk about death. Death followed sex as the last taboo. The average person is beginning to realize that death is the final great experience. Why do we celebrate birthdays? What has a year-old baby done to deserve it? We should emulate the Chinese, who venerate old age and celebrate death, for in a sense you are celebrating the life that went before it. ☐

STAR TRACKS

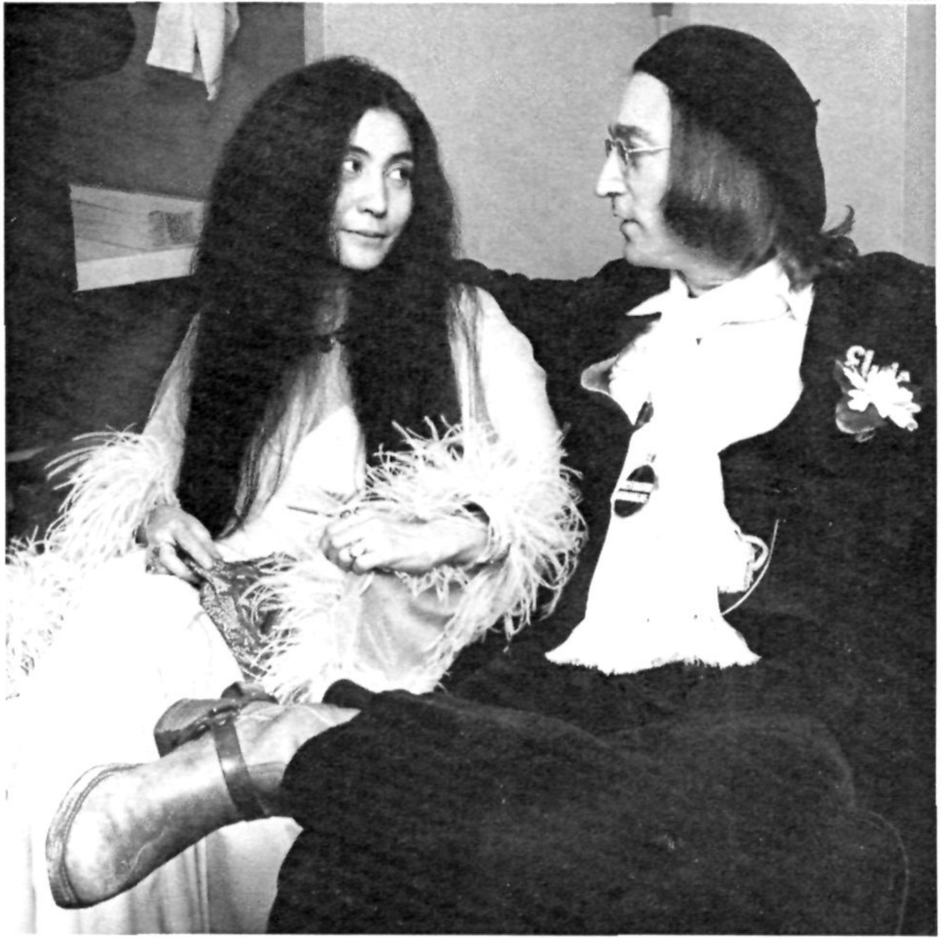
WIDE WORLD

UPI

Luci, home again ^

Proving that you can go home again, at least for a visit, 27-year-old Luci Johnson Nugent and her daughter Nicole, 5, turned up at the White House for a tour where Nicole was invited by First Lady Betty Ford "to look into every nook and cranny." Later, mother and daughter strolled out on the South Lawn to have their hair mussed up watching the President, Florida-bound on a working vacation, blast off by helicopter. Back in Austin were two other young Nugents and husband Patrick, who works at the Johnson family radio station.

RON GALELLA



The Lennons reunited ^

It was almost like old times. There was ex-Beatle John Lennon and his estranged wife, Yoko Ono, keeping company for the first time in a year. All gussied up for the annual Grammy awards—Yoko in ostrich feathers, John wearing a Dr. Winston O'Boogie button and Elvis sparkler pin—the two gazed shyly at each other and, for what it's worth, left hand in hand.

Garvey advises >

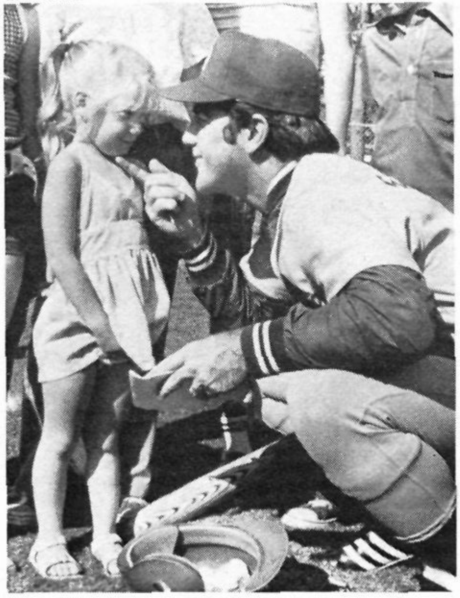
"Chin up and eye on the ball" appears to be National League MVP Steve Garvey's coochy-coo advice to 4-year-old Kerry Libonati of Norwood, N.J. as the Dodgers' first baseman takes a break at the Vero Beach, Fla. spring camp. Preliminary scouting report: kid needs more aggressiveness and a new stance if she is to challenge Garvey for his job in 1993.

RENE MAESTRI/SYGMA

The Richardsons tea up

No sooner were they off the plane than the new ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Elliot Richardson, and his wife, Anne, did the politic thing and had a cup of the national brew. Not that, being Bostonians, tea parties were all that strange. But Richardson will need all his winning ways since London society has taken a dim view of his announced intention to live *and* entertain on his salary and representation allowance, in sharp contrast to his predecessor, free-spending Philadelphia multimillionaire Walter Annenberg.

WIDE WORLD



Malden in Monte Carlo <

Are these the streets of San Francisco? No, it's actually a sidewalk stall in Monte Carlo, and Karl Malden, TV's Detective Mike Stone, is doing some undercover work. Malden left his badge in S.F. and journeyed to France to be U.S. judge at the International Television Festival, then roamed picturesque Monaco. But even in a tight spot, tough guy Karl is prepared. As it says in his TV commercial, if he fancies that gaudy bit of cloth, he always packs an American Express credit card.

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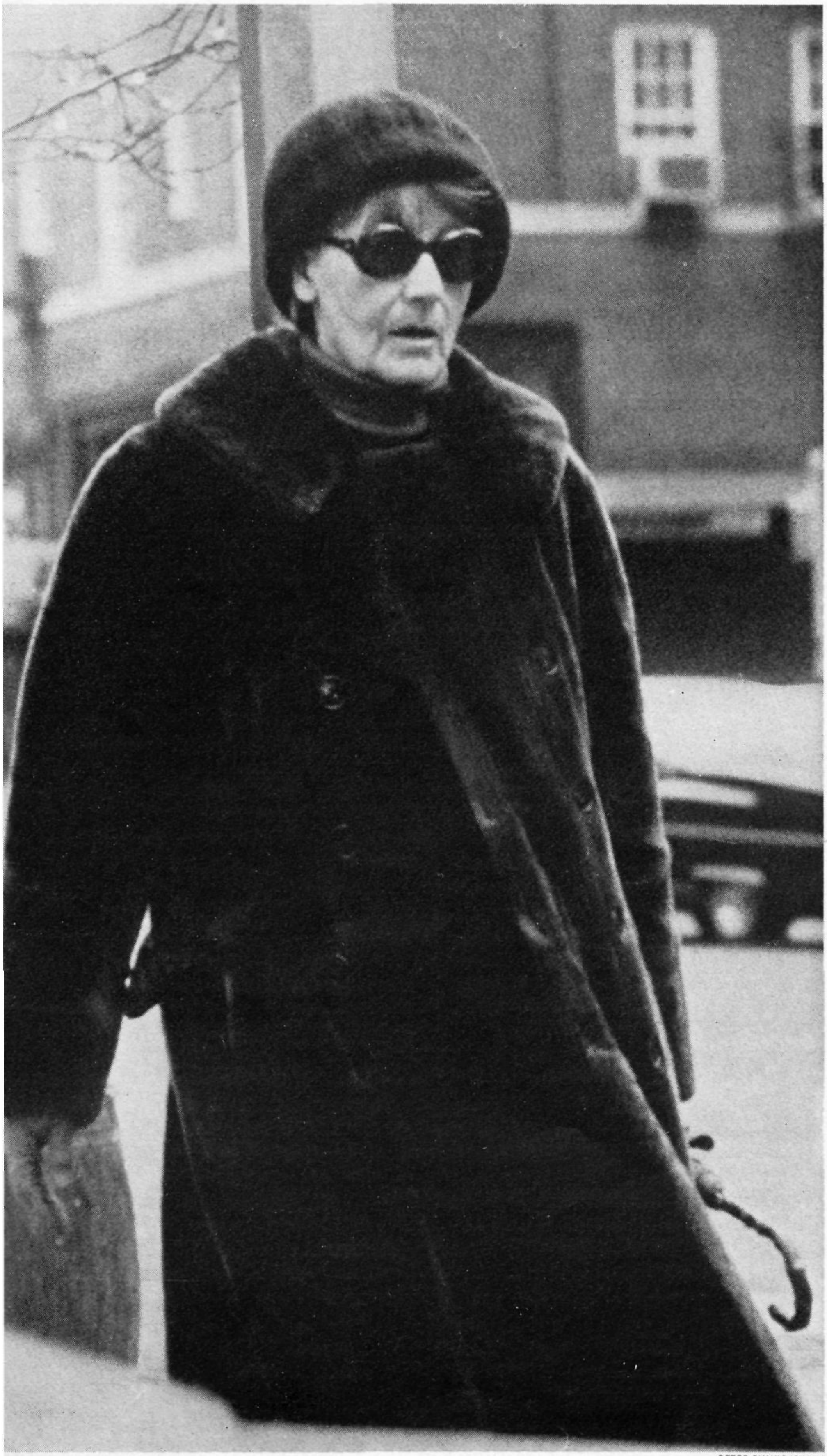

PETER SIMINS/SYGMA

Garbo walks alone <

Although she made her last picture, *Two-Faced Woman*, in 1941 and will turn 70 this September, Greta Garbo still radiates an aura of mystery and fading beauty that the dark glasses she habitually wears cannot conceal. Garbo watchers cherish a rare glimpse of the screen star on her occasional shopping forays or her regular walks from her East 50s Manhattan apartment to her favorite restaurant near the United Nations. But there are no new Garbo quotes. Her "I want to be alone" still stands.

Seven & Snowbound.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80/86 PROOF.

When you get a snowfall that breaks all records, you ought to make a big thing of it. Like a snow sculpture.

All it takes is a little ingenuity, and lots of snow.

Try carving out a giant snow goose. Or take a stab at Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Just don't forget that other Seven, Seagram's 7 Crown.

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It's America's whiskey.

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7
Seven Crown
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7
Seven Crown
AMERICAN WHISKEY
A BLEND

PPEUOZPZLLEE

By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people, current and historical, are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off by circling GOBEL, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers next week.

N	A	H	I	N	Y	O	M	P	S
C	A	P	O	N	E	G	A	P	B
G	N	S	O	G	O	D	E	A	E
M	A	A	O	D	A	N	Y	C	N
M	Y	B	M	I	G	N	E	A	C
A	E	A	O	L	C	O	T	A	H
L	N	R	E	R	E	N	R	E	L
O	N	R	U	O	M	R	A	N	E
N	U	Y	C	O	N	N	E	R	Y
E	T	T	E	K	N	U	L	P	F

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Salem
FILT

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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

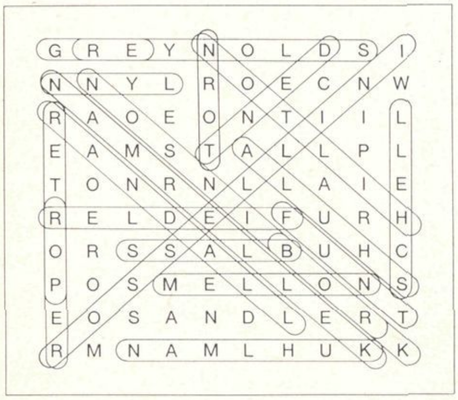
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Clues

1 . Gabby George
2 . Nikolai in Nicholas's palace
3 . In the jaws of success
4 . Maman is jolie too
5 . Got a Delhi order
6 . Name of the Game hotshot . . .
7 . . . . and the hand at the helm
8 . Norman the (TV) conqueror
9 . Champion Tennessee waltzer
10 . No longer bonded
11 . Ryan's lively daughter
12 . ComicAL stripper
13 . Jim the tricky patriot
14 . Bantam Ben
15 . St. Valentine's Day villain
16 . Heavyweight dad, senator son
17 . A jewel of a humorist
18 . Syndicated MAXimizer
19 . Western decline doomsayer
20 . Governor among mountains

Answers to March 10 Puzzle

1. Hilton 2. Kellerman 3. Robinson 4. Randall 5. Fiedler 6. Blass 7. Dent 8. Kuhlman 9. Reynolds 10. Roper 11. Porter 12. Torn 13. Rossellini 14. Mellon 15. Grey 16. Schell 17. Lynn 18. Shula 19. Funt 20. Bork



G	R	E	Y	N	O	L	D	S	I
N	N	Y	L	R	O	E	C	N	W
R	A	O	E	O	N	T	I	I	L
E	A	M	S	T	A	L	L	P	L
T	O	N	R	N	L	L	A	I	E
R	E	L	D	E	I	F	U	R	H
O	R	S	S	A	L	B	U	H	C
P	O	S	M	E	L	L	O	N	S
E	O	S	A	N	D	L	E	R	T
R	M	N	A	M	L	H	U	K	K

Before.

California brandy and water. Before dinner, the light clean taste makes a refreshing change of pace at cocktail time. Over ice or with your favorite mixer, it's brandy so light you can serve it any time at all.

After.

California brandy and coffee. It's called a Venetian Coffee, and it turns even a simple meal into a celebration. Add a jigger of California brandy to coffee (along with sugar to taste) and top with whipped cream. What a nice way to end the evening.

California Brandy

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That day, I gave you a wedding ring that told of all our hopes and dreams… and today, I give you this.

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And this makes it a moment for nobody else but us.

A diamond eternity ring.

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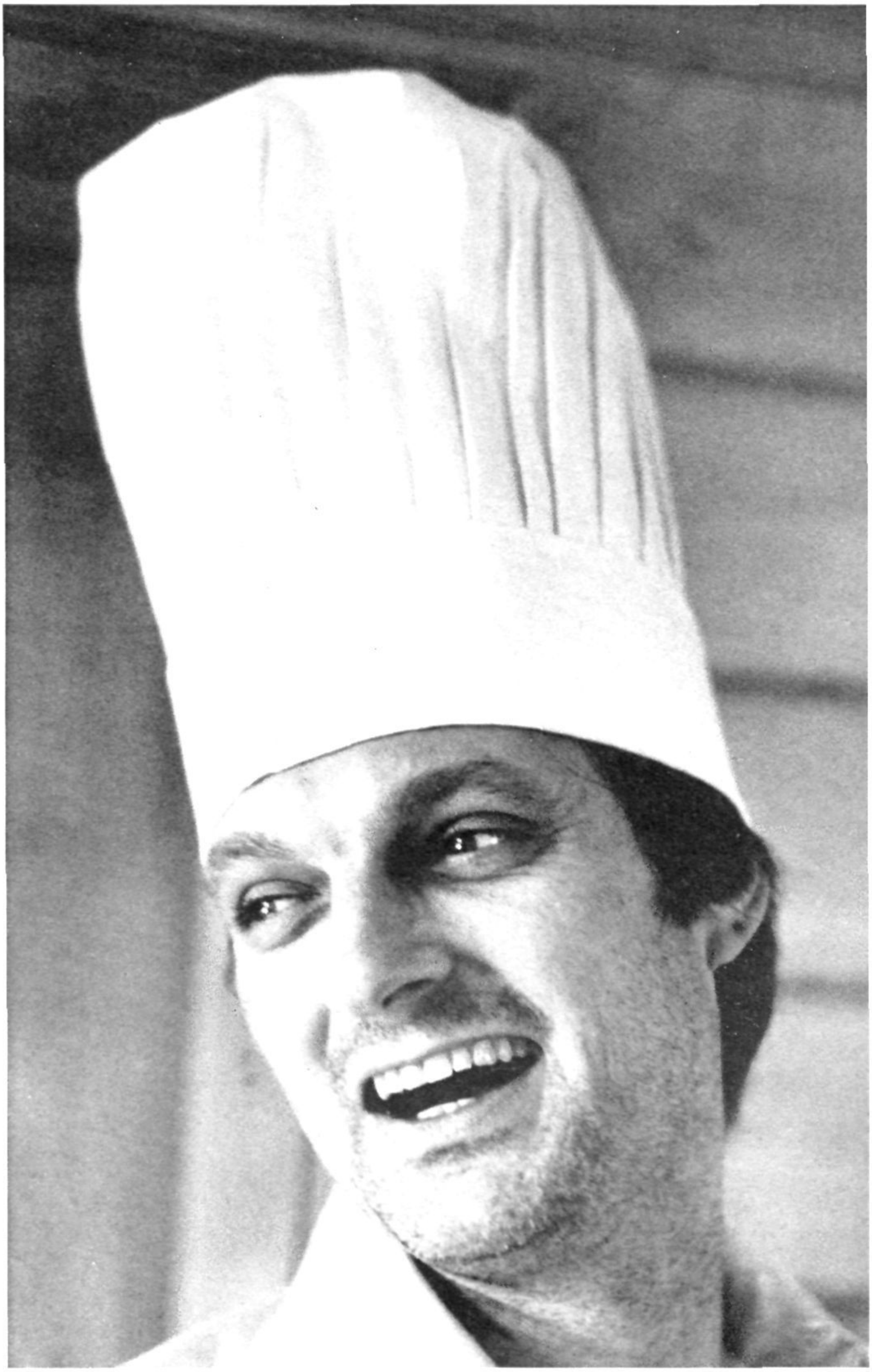
Ask your jeweler for
"The diamond eternity ring" booklet.

ALAN ALDA: IN REAL LIFE, HAWKEYE IS ANYTHING BUT A CUT-UP

CULVER PICTURES

As a boy, Alan Alda played ball with his actor dad, Robert Alda. Today, he is the master chef of the TV series 'M*A*S*H,' his own new 'We'll Get By,' and the wok in his suburban Jersey kitchen.

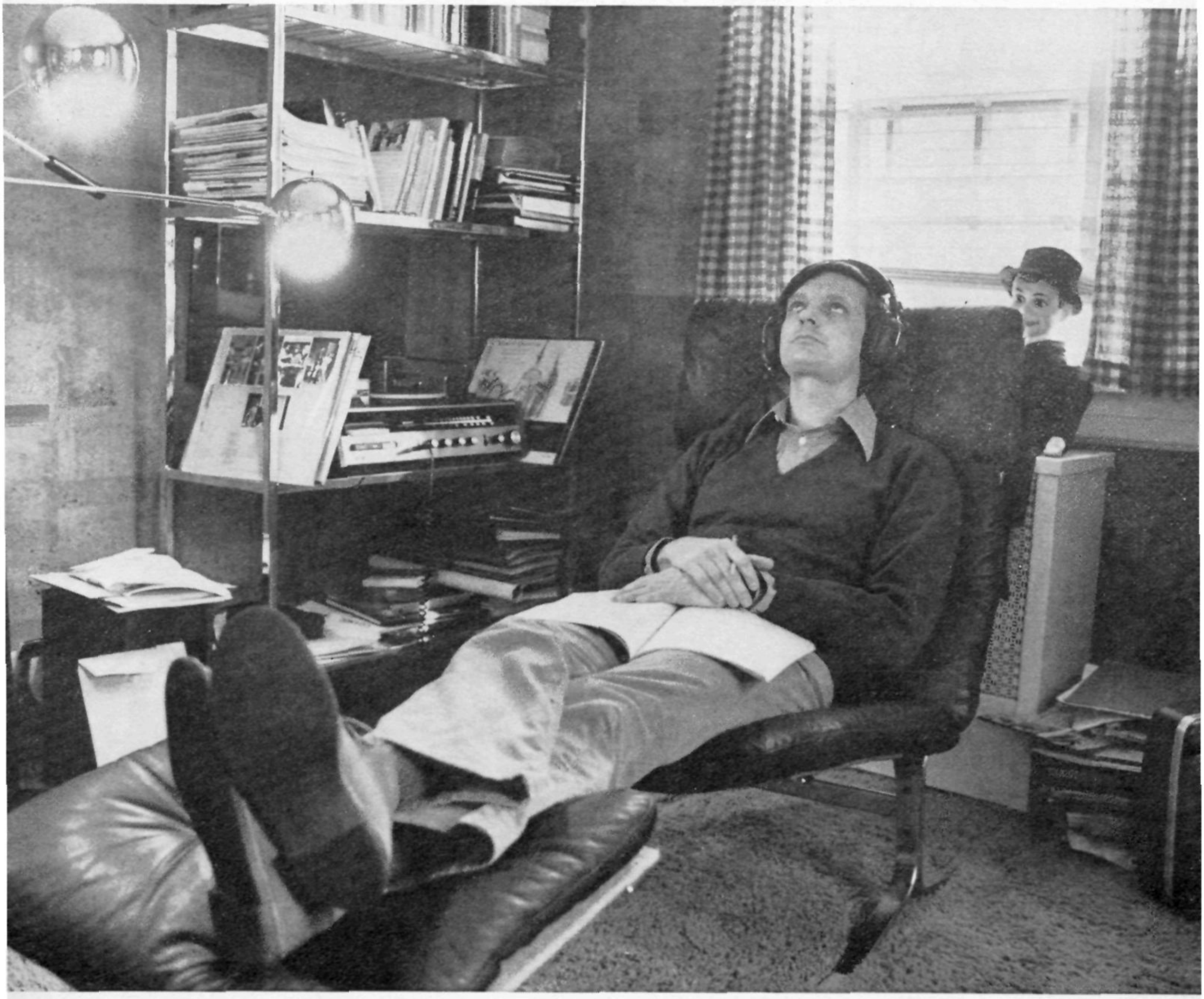

HARRY BENSON

It says something extraordinary about a star that he fantasizes about being a workaday sales engineer in New Jersey. It is even more extraordinary when, as it happens, that star actually lives much like a sales engineer in New Jersey. But that is Alan Alda, 39, a very different cat from the glib, womanizing Korean war surgeon, Hawkeye Pierce, he plays on CBS's *M*A*S*H,* the slickest, wickedest situation comedy ever made. The real-life Alda—not the lean sharpie with a scalpel in one hand and a torpedo juice martini in the other—will be presented to the American viewing public March 14 by character actor Paul Sorvino in CBS-TV's new family comedy *We'll Get By*. Alda conceived and produced the show right out of his own suburban household and even wrote six of the scripts.

The one thing that Alda could not do was play the lead himself: no one would believe Hawkeye as George Platt, an updated Fred MacMurray-Robert Young figure with a thick Jersey accent, a thicker waist, a wife and three teenagers. But Alda does in fact commute between Hollywood and a modest house in Leonia, N.J., wherein live his wife of 18 years and three teenage daughters ("and where my neighbors respect my privacy"). Alda unashamedly admits that he poured his heart's blood into the scripts. "It's an attempt to show a family living the way people really do live—and not as they do on television," he says. And not

Unsuperstitious even though he's premiering a new show, Alda crosses eyes with the family fat cat, Blackie.

A fierce feminist, Alda is not threatened by doing the family grocery shopping in Leonia, N.J.—nor is he recognized.



All Harry Benson

In a porch of his New Jersey home, Alan, a dedicated husband and father, plays chess with one of his daughters.

His wife is a professional musician, and his daughters play instruments. For Alan, music helps tune out the Nielsens.

just any family but one very like the Aldas. "Once," he recalls, "I was watching a tape of the show at home in which there was an argument between mother and daughter. I turned around and my wife and one of my daughters were having exactly the same argument."

Suburban sobersides notwithstanding, there is no way that Alan Alda can shy away from becoming a superstar. *M*A*S*H*, long in the top 10 in the ratings, won him the 1974 super Emmy as the outstanding actor in a series. And last week, in TV's latest awards hokum, the "People's Choice" special, a nationwide sample of just plain folks chose Alda as their co-favorite male (with Telly Savalas) in all televisionland. What's next? McLean Stevenson, who plays Henry, the *M*A*S*H* commanding officer, cracks that Alan has a good shot at the Nobel Peace Prize.

There is indeed a certain pompous sanctity about Alda that both awes and, in one case anyway, bugs his co-stars. Gary Burghoff, the Cpl. "Radar" of *M*A*S*H*, finds that he admires Alan as actor, director and family man but finds Alda "sits on his feelings" and is generally "aloof" from the cast. Nonsense, says Loretta Swit, the series' chief nurse, Major ("Hot Lips") Houlihan, who finds him "fantastically warm" and "the most multitalented and versatile person I've ever known." ("I'm sure, since I'm the only female on the set," she adds, "there are rumors linking Alan and myself romantically. This is not true.")

Alda is, to be sure, a more militant activist for causes, especially feminism, than his own wife. He learned commitment from his father, actor Robert Alda. The old man (born Alfonso D'Abbruzzo in New York) is best remembered as George Gershwin in *Rhapsody in Blue* and Sky Masterson in Broadway's *Guys and Dolls*. He broke young Alan in at age 6 at the Hollywood Canteen for World War II servicemen. At 7, Alda came down with polio and credits his mother (since divorced from his father) "with saving me. There she was, every hour for months, dropping hot packs on my back."

Alda was educated mostly in parochial schools, finishing off at Fordham University. As an Army reserve officer, he married Arlene Weiss, a clarinetist with the Houston Symphony. In New York Arlene taught music (the wife in *We'll Get By* has given up a promising piano career) while Alda

Immersed in the survival of his own series, Alda warms up the audience himself. A laugh track would be anathema.

Alda agonizes over a 'We'll Get By' script with co-producer Marc Merson. Liberated though he is, his wife does the dishes.

BILL EPPRIDGE (2)

scrabbled around for parts. They included *The Apple Tree* and *Purlie Victorious* on Broadway, *Paper Lion* in films, but he made a point to try for "statement" properties such as Truman Capote's *The Glass House*, a harrowing, well-executed made-for-TV movie about prison life.

At about this time, Alda was sent several *M*A*S*H* scripts but remained unsold. "If it was going to be just hijinks on the battlefield I wanted no part of it," he told the creators. "I wanted to make my position clear against war. Two doors had already opened," he says. "*All in the Family* dealt with subjects not traditionally fit for comedy, such as death, rape, bigotry. *Mary Tyler Moore* doesn't deal with subjects, but with human behavior. It's comedy coming out of character. These two shows have made *M*A*S*H* possible, and *M*A*S*H* has gone on from there." It certainly has—as viewers will realize by the way in which *M*A*S*H*'s McLean Stevenson is being disposed of. Never in the history of U.S. prime-time TV has a major character been written out of the script so brutally. When Stevenson served notice that he wanted off the show to seek his own series on NBC, the producers wrote a March 18 season-closing episode in which he is transferred. But, in a final page of script which was kept sealed in an envelope until actual shooting, the *M*A*S*H* ensemble company was emotionally crushed to discover that "Colonel Henry" dies in a chopper crash.

It's just part of the futility-of-war message that Alda thinks *M*A*S*H* is all about. When he received an honorary doctorate of humane letters at St. Peter's College in New Jersey, Alan admits, "I preached at them. It seems that in the '70s we are reverting to what we did in the '50s. We've had Watergate, Vietnam. We've had cars that fall apart, movies that poke their fingers into gore for the fun of it. It's when you see sex, murder—all the things that in real life have an effect—treated as if they don't matter, then something is wrong. Making rape casual, making lying casual, making murder casual —we're screwing around with the moral ecology."

Straightening out that ecology keeps

In the shocking March 18 episode of 'M*A*S*H,' Col. Henry Blake (McLean Stevenson) dies in a helicopter crash.

FRANK EDWARDS/PICTORIAL PARADE

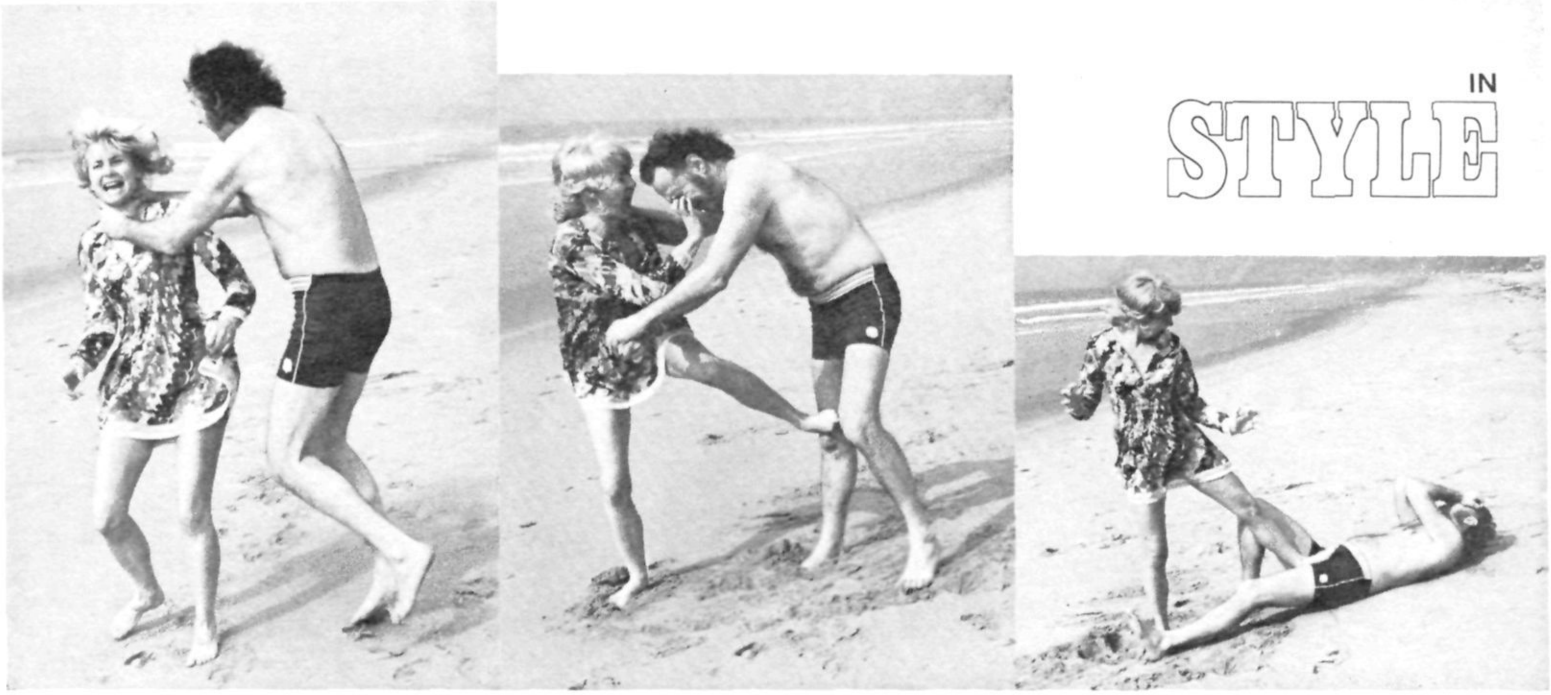
The Aldas do make annual appearances at the Emmys. Arlene, a classical clarinetist, is now also a photographer.

Alda in California away from Jersey half the year, though he will hop a red-eye flight to be back with his kids for even a weekend. Alan's famed father says proudly, "Energy runs high in our family. I don't know if it's the Italian olive oil or what, but it keeps the machinery going." His son, after finishing a season of *M*A*S*H*, launching a new series and shooting a pilot for another, is down with the flu these days and feeling momentarily less energetic. "I want to spend time with my kids and not answer the phone," says Alan. "I want to take a week off and cough. I'm doing all the things I've wanted to since I was a little kid. It's just that I never meant to do them all at the same time."

BARBARA WILKINS

BILL EPPRIDGE

Between 'M*A*S*H' takes, Hawkeye in his signature G.I. bathrobe does an impromptu number from 'Butch Cassidy.'



In a simulated attack, phys. ed. professor Mary Conroy first breaks her assailant's stranglehold by gouging his eyes while delivering a knee-dislocating kick, then finishes off with a heel to the groin. Below, a demure Conroy relaxes at home.

Meaner, much meaner!" calls the petite, blond instructor. Her student, struggling in the grip of a would-be strangler, gives up. "I just couldn't really gouge anyone's eyes," she pleads.

"You may have to," says Dr. Mary Conroy quietly. "This man wants to kill you, and he is much stronger than you. Now you have about two seconds before you lose consciousness!"

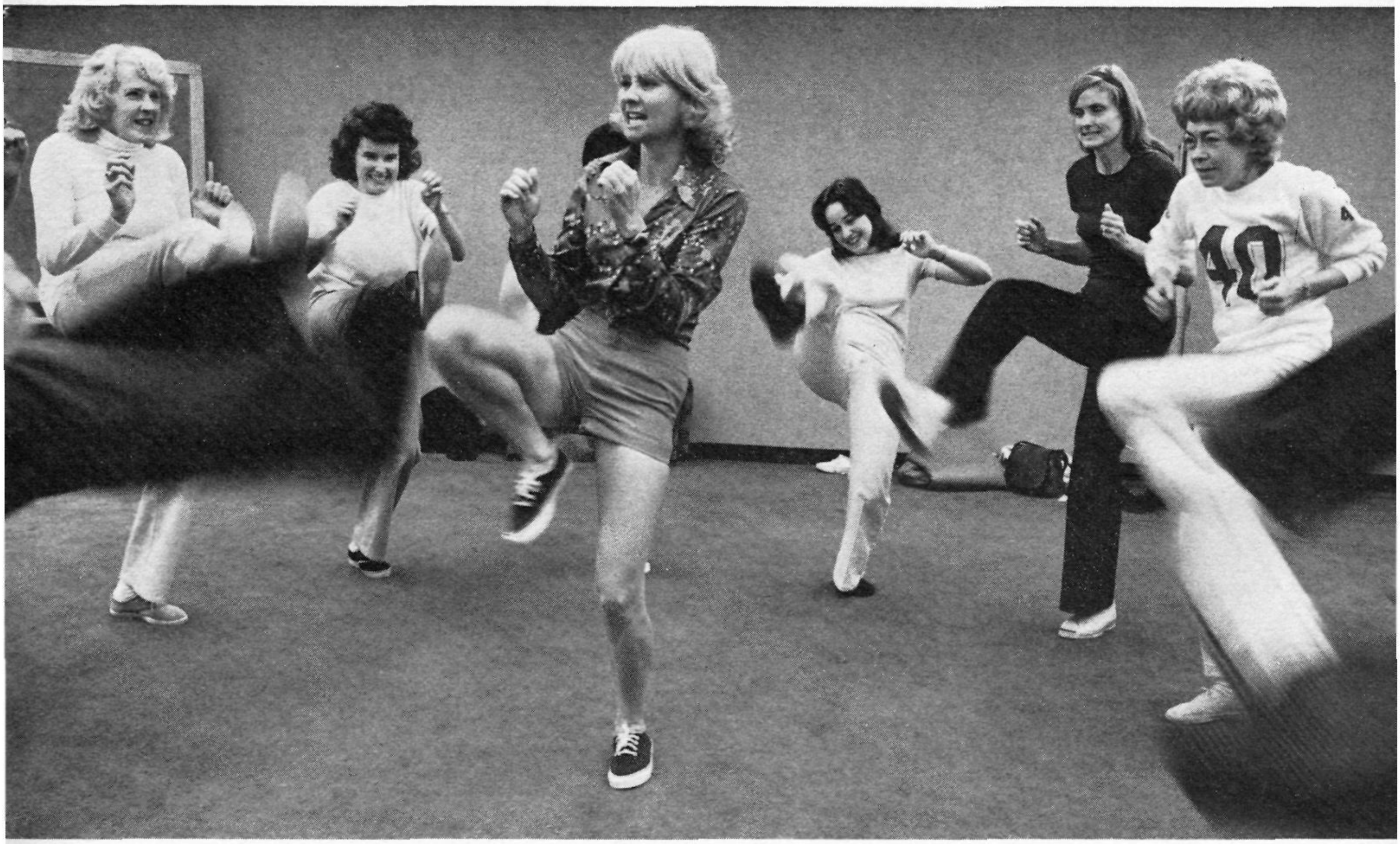
What Mary Conroy, an assistant professor of physical education at California State University, Los Angeles, is teaching her after-hours class at TRW Systems Group in nearby Redondo Beach is essentially a shorthand of self-defense for women. It consists of a series of simple kicks, punches, grabs and gouges that require little strength or finesse. But they are sudden. "All you have going for you," says Conroy, "is the element of surprise. Whichever defense move you choose, never signal your intention. Just do it!"

In her clinics Conroy quickly gets down to basics. Demonstrating various attacks and holds, she points out the male's five "most vulnerable and accessible areas"—knee, groin, neck, nose and eyes. Then she ticks off the average woman's best weapons —her feet (heels, not toes), knees, hands, fingers and voice.

Screaming shrilly, the women in her class practice various kicks to dislocate the knee, "groin pulls" and dou-

Photographs by Claire Steinberg

FOR BELEAGUERED WOMEN MARY CONROY HAS ADVICE—HIT HARD WHERE IT HURTS



Conroy teaches her class knee and groin kicks, exhorting them: "You must be prepared to do serious injury."

ble-hand chops on the back of the neck as the assailant buckles—"to put him thoroughly out of commission." Warns Conroy, "You must be prepared to follow through, not just hurt him or knock him down. If he gets up, it'll be 'that's it, baby' in a minute. You must be prepared to do serious injury."

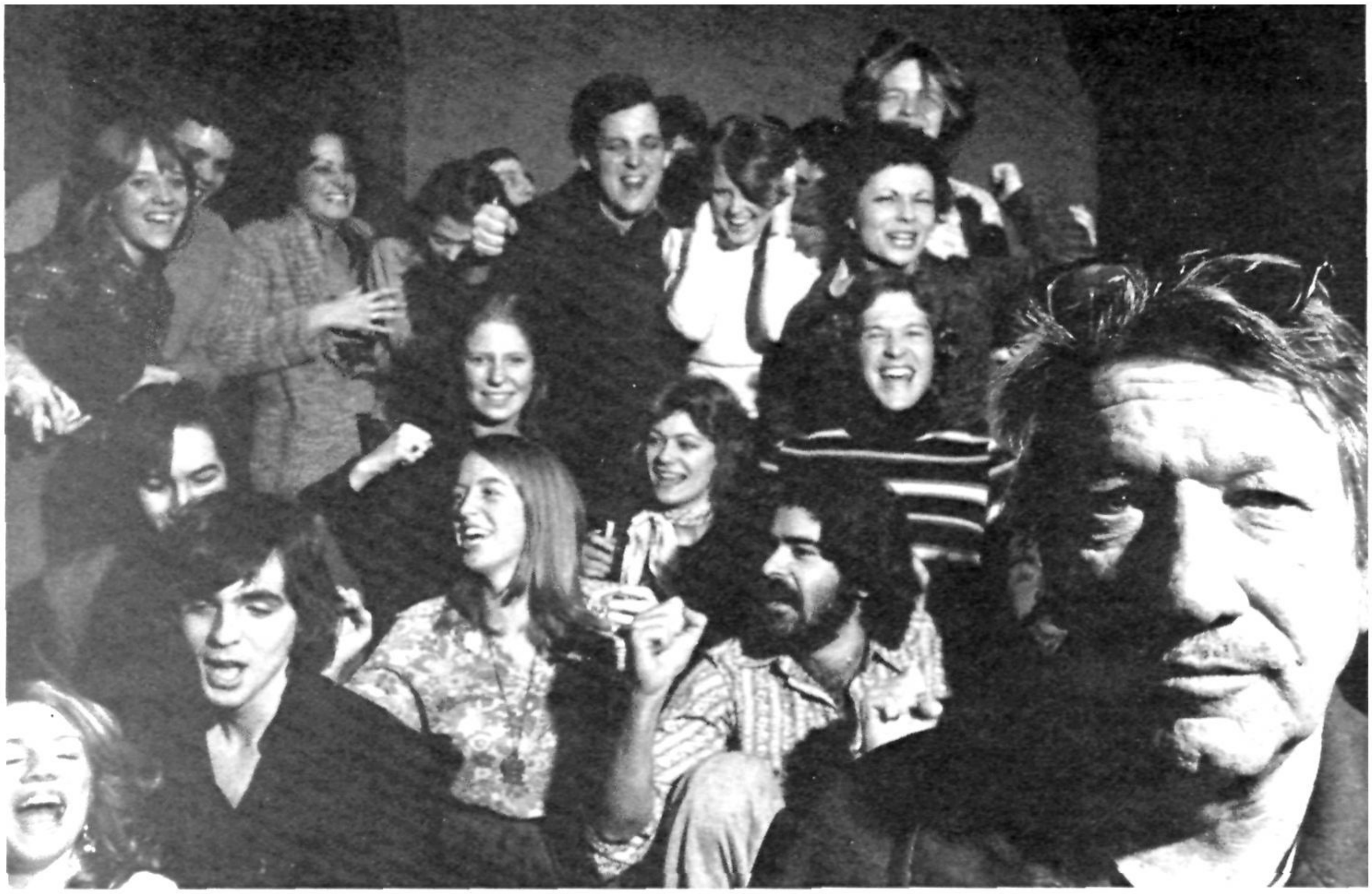
Such exhortations come unexpectedly from Mary Conroy, who at 5′4″ and 104 pounds admits she is "not particularly strong and basically passive and docile." What made her a crusader for self-defense was her experience as a grad student at Columbia when she was mugged at knifepoint. Brought up in Ogden, Utah, where her father was a high school principal, and later a graduate of the University of Arizona, Mary admits she was totally unprepared for the street attack. "I did all the wrong things," she confesses, begging for her ID card, then her purse, and even chasing her assailant as he fled. "If he hadn't been so amiable," she says, "I'd have been in trouble."

She enrolled in courses in judo and karate, but soon decided that even with two year's training the average woman, encumbered by purse and shopping bag and wearing street clothes, would have a slim chance of delivering a judo "take-down." So she and her instructor, Harry Hoehn of Queens College, developed the system of shorthand defense which she has further elaborated in two books, *Personal Defense for Women*, written with UCLA psychiatrist Edward Ritvo, and her own *The Rational Woman's Guide to Self-Defense*.

Her most urgent advice is caution. "Eliminate, recognize and avoid danger," she urges. "Give an attacker what he wants—your purse, TV set, money, write him a check if necessary. Say goodbye to your possessions; everything is replaceable but you.

"You fight only if your life or health is in danger," is Conroy's dictum. And so far, she knows of only two former students who have had to put their training to the test—both successfully. One, in fact, broke the leg of a man who attacked her in the garbage-can area behind her apartment ("she heard a crack and thought she'd missed and struck wood"). But in Mary Conroy's view the less she hears of her students having to use violence the better. "These are the last things you should do," she reiterates, then adds, "After all, what I teach may not always work."

S. J. DIAMOND



At New York's Neighborhood Playhouse, Richard Boone rehearses 25 students in Lope de Vega's 'Dog in the Manger.'

PALADIN AS SCHOOLMASTER? RICHARD BOONE TEACHES HIS CRAFT

Towering above his students, the big man—Richard Boone is 6'1", 220 lbs. —strides from a rehearsal at the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York's famed theater school. He takes a seat in an upstairs room, a cup of something dark in his hand. At age 57, Boone's face is a florid eruption marked by a college boxing career, a couple of automobile accidents and perhaps the rich living possible for a TV star like Paladin. His belly is comfortably encased in a blue French jumpsuit. His voice is a modulated growl. "I came to the Playhouse in 1946, two weeks out of the Navy. I didn't know what a Martha Graham was, but I opened the door to one of her dance classes and saw 40 broads flat on their backs. I knew this place was for me."

Indeed Boone stayed and learned. He went on to Broadway, movies like *The Alamo* and a string of TV series —*Medic*, *Have Gun, Will Travel*, *The Richard Boone Show* and *Hec Ramsey*. Now Boone has returned to his origins as an actor. Since last September he has shared the directorship of the Playhouse acting department with his first drama teacher and esteemed mentor, Sanford Meisner.

Boone began teaching in 1954 on the set of *Medic*—"those people who got through the door and then didn't know what to do"—and has been at it ever since. In order to break the monotony of the long-running *Have Gun, Will Travel*, he taught acting to stunt men and stand-ins. When *The Richard Boone Show* died a low-ratings death, Boone thought he'd enjoy beachcombing in Hawaii. But idleness didn't suit his restive spirit, and he found a federal youth opportunity program in the islands that could use his skills. "The kids in that village were tough to hook," Boone says. "But I had a guitar and my *Have Gun* revolver. That got 'em."

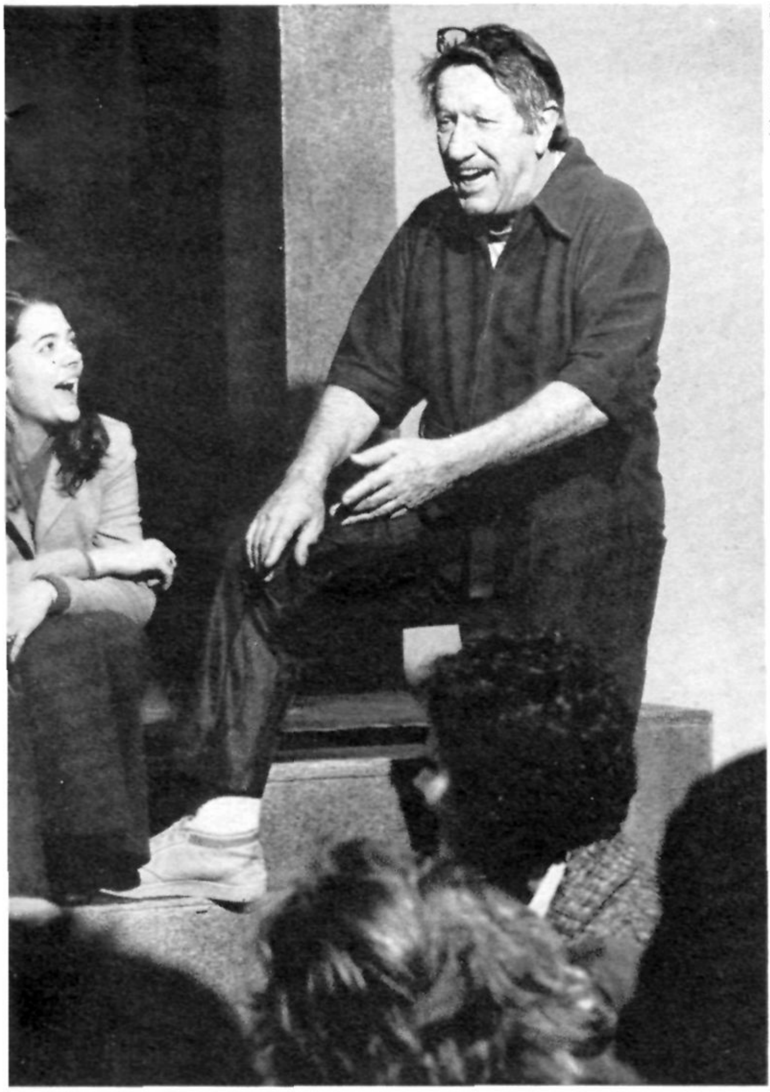
After returning to the mainland Boone taught acting at Flagler College in St. Augustine, Fla. But when Meisner summoned, Boone headed north.

The Neighborhood Playhouse teaches acting on a professional level,

GENE TRINDL/GLOBE PHOTOS

In a rented apartment in New York, where he lives with his wife of 23 years, Claire, Boone begins his day with coffee.

TEACHER


HENRY GROSSMAN (2)

Raconteur Boone gets instant rapport in a class. One of his thumbnail "advices" to student actors is "take an attitude."

accepting 75 students for first-year classes and reducing that number to some 25 the second year. "We are looking for people willing to take the pounding that's required to change a civilian into a beginning actor in two years," Boone says.

Boone spends two hours a day with his classes—practicing scenes that are calculated to free the emotions. Then he paces through the school for another four hours, trying to read each student. "I go to the dance and speech classes so I can see what their true attitudes are. In the middle of a scene once this kid took off his shoes. It didn't make sense. Something in a line made him react, but he had the wrong reaction. And I had to help him find the right one. If it had happened in the Broadway theater, I'd have said, 'Jesus Christ, will you leave your goddamn feet alone!' " Boone chuckles. "Anytime you get a glib explanation of the acting process, you're talking with a charlatan or a damn fool. I've got 25 funny instruments to play all at the same time."

In Boone's recent production of Lope de Vega's *Dog in the Manger*, each of his 25 "instruments" played a different part at every performance. Is there a term for such a complex and ambitious experiment in theater? The craggy face curls into a smile. "Insanity, I guess!"

HARRY MINETREE

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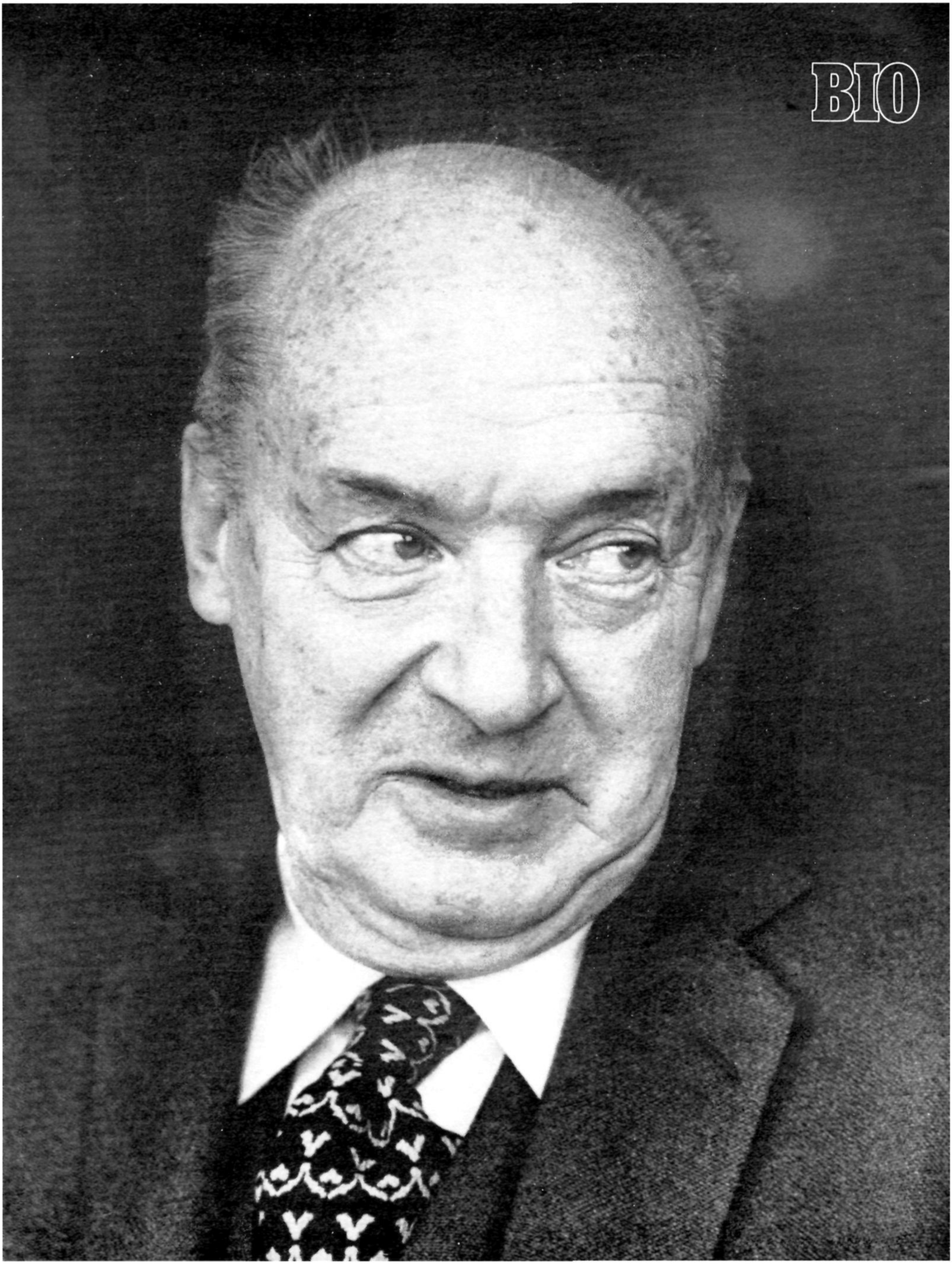
BIO

AN OLD MAGICIAN NAMED NABOKOV WRITES AND LIVES IN SPLENDID EXILE

© PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Perhaps the most famous of contemporary lepidopterists, Nabokov seeks the rare 'Erebia christi' in their Alpine habitat.

The Montreux Palace Hotel was built in an age when it was thought that things would last. It is on the very shores of Switzerland's Lake Geneva, its balconies and iron railings look across the water, its yellow-ocher awnings are a touch of color in the winter light. It is like a great sanitarium or museum. There are Bechstein pianos in the public rooms, a private silver collection, a Salon de Bridge. This is the hotel where the novelist Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov and his wife, Véra, live. They have been here for 14 years. One imagines his large and brooding reflection in the polished glass of bookcases near the reception desk where there are bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News* from the year 1849 to 1887, copies of *Great Expectations*, *The Chess Games of Greco* and a book called *Things Past*, by the Duchess of Sermoneta.

Though old, the hotel is marvelously kept up and, in certain portions, even modernized. Its business now is mainly conventions and, in the summer, tours, but there is still a thin migration of old clients, ancient couples and remnants of families who ask for certain rooms when they come and sometimes certain maids. For Nabokov, a man who rode as a child on the great European express trains, who had private tutors, estates, and inherited millions which disappeared in the Russian revolution, this is a return to his sources. It is a place to retire to, with Visconti's Mahler and the long-dead figures of *La Belle Epoque*, Edward VII, d'Annunzio, the munitions kings, where all stroll by the lake and play miniature golf, home at last.

Nabokov, the Wizard of Montreux, the Russian émigré whom critics have called "our only living genius" and "the greatest living American novelist," submits unwillingly to interviews. He prefers to conduct such exchanges on paper, writing and rewriting the answers "and some of the questions," as he wryly says. From time to time, though, there is a visitor. "My husband does not ad lib," Mrs. Nabokov warns on the telephone. She is his companion, guardian and acolyte. "He is very busy," she adds.

His newest book, *Tyrants Destroyed*, has just been published, a collection of 13 stories. All but one were written in Russian between 1924 and 1939 and have been translated by Nabokov and his son, Dmitri. It is the penultimate work from a famous writer who seems busy bricking up any remaining chinks in the wall of his reputation. These recent books are not cornerstones, but they are, as always, beautifully written and call for frequent trips to the dictionary.

Nabokov deals in painterly colors, in marvelous details and tones. "*. . . the last time I went swimming*," he writes in one story, "*was not at Hungerburg but in the river Luga. Muzhiks came running out of the water, frog-legged,*

JILL KREMENTZ

Quizzical, reclusive and certain of his position as a master, Nabokov nonetheless greets a visitor with wit and courtesy.

hands crossed over their private parts: pudor agrestis. *Their teeth chattered as they pulled on their shirts over their wet bodies. Nice to go bathing in the river toward evening, especially under a warm rain that makes silent circles, each spreading and encroaching upon the next* . . ." He is a visual, sensual writer calling forever upon the past.

Whereas American entertainers such as Truman Capote or Gore Vidal, taking advantage of their fluency and known charm, appear freely on television and give us a more or less close look at the splendors of literary life, Nabokov is a more elusive figure. It is not that he is less attractive, and his English is impeccable. But he is aloof by nature, a compulsive revisionist, and he feels for some reason insecure with nothing between himself and an audience except unrehearsed speech. When he gave his lectures on modern fiction at Cornell, he read them from cards typed by his wife. "My husband," Véra Nabokov finally agrees, "will meet you at 4 o'clock in the green room next to the bar."

The great chandeliers hang silent. The tables in the vast dining room overlooking the lake are spread with white cloth and silver as if for dinners before the war. At a little after 4, into the green room with the slow walk of aged people, the Nabokovs come. He wears a navy blue cardigan, a blue-checked shirt, gray slacks and a tie. His shoes have crepe soles. He is balding, with a fringe of gray hair. His hazel-green eyes are watering, oysterous, as he says. He is 75, born on the same day as Shakespeare, April 23. He is at the end of a great career, a career half-carved out of a language not his own. Only Conrad comes to mind as someone comparable (although Beckett, going the other way, has chosen to write in French), but Conrad, a native Pole, was a duffer in English compared to Nabokov's prodigious command of an adopted tongue.

Véra has blue eyes and a birdlike profile. Her hair is completely white. They are soon to celebrate a wedding anniversary, "our golden," Nabokov says. They met in Berlin and married there in 1925, but they might as easily have met in Leningrad. "We went to the same dancing class, didn't we?" he asks. It has not been an unhappy marriage then? "That is the understatement of the century," Nabokov smiles.

He is currently at work on the French translation of his novel *Ada*, which was published in 1969. It is the memoir of a philosopher, Van Veen, who fell in love when he was 14 with his cousin, Ada, then 12, who turns out to be his sister, and on and off their lives are entwined into old age, until he is 97 and she 95. "My fattest and most complex book," he says. It is also his preferred masterpiece, although the public still chooses *Lolita.* This translation has already taken five years. Véra says that her husband is going over it line by line. "You see some terrible booboos," he moans. Nabokov knows French and German perfectly and, with his revisions, is content about the translations in these languages. His son, Dmitri, was unfortunately too busy to check the Italian edition; the horrors of the Turkish and Japanese Nabokov does not like to imagine.

At age 7, Vladimir Vladimirovich posed with his father, Vladimir Dmitrievich Nabokov, 35, in St. Petersburg.

He regards himself as an American novelist, and from the comfort of Switzerland professes great love and nostalgia for the United States, where he spent 18 years, from 1940 to 1958. He prizes his U.S. passport, but here he remains, in the artistic vaults where rest such other international treasures as Chaplin and, when he was alive, Noel Coward, not to mention lesser pieces of bric-a-brac. He sips a gin and tonic. "It's only an accident that we're here," he explains. His wife had been here in 1914 with her family, and when the two of them passed through in 1961, she said, why not stay for a while? They have been here ever since. "I introduced kidding into Montreux," he says.

Novelists, like dictators, have long reigns. It is remarkable to think of Nabokov's first book, a collection of love poems, appearing in his native Russia in 1914. Soon after, he and his family were forced to flee as a result of the Bolshevik uprising and the civil war. He took a degree at Cambridge and then settled in the émigré colony in Berlin. He wrote nine novels in Russian, beginning with *Mary*, in 1926, and including *Glory*, *The Defense*, and *Laughter in the Dark.* He had a certain reputation and a fully developed

In 1920, at Cambridge, Nabokov was unorthodox as an undergraduate who preferred rowing to punting on the Cam.

ROBERT W. KELLEY

While teaching Russian literature at Wellesley in 1947, Nabokov studied butterflies seriously at Harvard.

gift when he left for America in 1940 to lecture at Stanford. The war burst behind him.

Though his first novel written in English, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, in 1941, went almost unnoticed, and his next, *Bend Sinister*, made minor ripples, the stunning *Speak, Memory*, an autobiography of his lost youth, attracted respectful attention. It was during the last part of 10 years at Cornell that he cruised the American West during the summers in a 1952 Buick, looking for butterflies, his wife driving and Nabokov beside her making notes as they journeyed through Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, the motels, the drugstores, the small towns. The result was *Lolita*, which at first was rejected everywhere, like many classics, and had to be published by the Olympia Press in Paris (Nabokov later quarreled with and abandoned his publisher, Maurice Girodias). A tremendous success and later a film directed by Stanley Kubrick, the book made the writer famous. Nabokov coquettishly demurs. "I am not a famous writer," he says, "Lolita was a famous little girl. You know what it is to be a famous writer in Montreux? An American woman comes up on the street and cries out, 'Mr. Malamud! I'd know you anywhere.' "

He is a man of celebrated prejudices. He abhors student activists, hippies, confessions, heart-to-heart talks. He never gives autographs. On his list of detested writers are some of the most brilliant who have ever lived: Cervantes, Dostoevsky, Faulkner and Henry James. His opinions are probably the most conservative, among important writers, of any since Evelyn Waugh's. "You will die in dreadful pain and complete isolation," his fellow exile, the Nobel Prize winner Ivan Bunin, told him. Far from pain these days and beyond isolation, Nabokov is frequently mentioned for that same award. "After all, you're the secret pride of Russia," he has written of someone unmistakably like himself. He is far from being cold or uncaring. Outraged at the arrest last year of the writer Maramzin, he sent this as yet unpublished cable to the Soviet writers' union: "Am appalled to learn that yet another writer martyred just for being a writer. Maramzin's immediate release indispensable to prevent an atrocious new crime." The answer was silence.

Last year Nabokov published *Look at the Harlequins!*, his 37th book. It is the chronicle of a Russian émigré writer named Vadim Vadimych whose life, though he had four devastating wives, has many aspects that fascinate by their clear similarity to the life of Vladimir Vladimirovich. The typical Nabokovian fare is here in abundance, clever games of words, sly jokes, lofty knowledge, all as written by a "scornful and austere author, whose homework in Paris had never received its due." It is probably one of the final steps toward a goal that so many lesser writers have striven to achieve:

CONTINUED

Véra and Vladimir Nabokov look forward to celebrating their golden wedding anniversary this year on April 15.

JILL KREMENTZ

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CONTINUED

Nabokov has joined the current of history not by rushing to take part in political actions or appearing in the news but by quietly working for decades, a lifetime, until his voice seems as loud as the detested Stalin's, almost as loud as the lies. Deprived of his own land, of his language, he has conquered something greater. As his aunt in *Harlequins!* told young Vadim, "Play! Invent the world! Invent reality!" Nabokov has done that. He has won.

"I get up at 6 o'clock," he says. He dabs at his eyes. "I work until 9. Then we have breakfast together. Then I take a bath. Perhaps an hour's work afterward. A walk, and then a delicious siesta for about two-and-a-half hours. And then three hours of work in the afternoon. In the summer we hunt butterflies." They have a cook who comes to their apartment, or Véra does the cooking. "We do not attach too much importance to food or wine." His favorite dish is bacon and eggs. They see no movies. They own no TV.

They have very few friends in Montreux, he admits. They prefer it that way. They never entertain. He doesn't need friends who read books; rather, he likes bright people, "people who understand jokes." Véra doesn't laugh, he says resignedly. "She is married to one of the great clowns of all time, but she never laughs."

The light is fading, there is no one else in the room or the room beyond. The hotel has many mirrors, some of them on doors, so it is like a house of illusion, part vision, part reflection, and rich with dreams.

JAMES SALTER

The insouciant lounger by the pool of Montreux's Palace Hotel is none other than the great writer at work.

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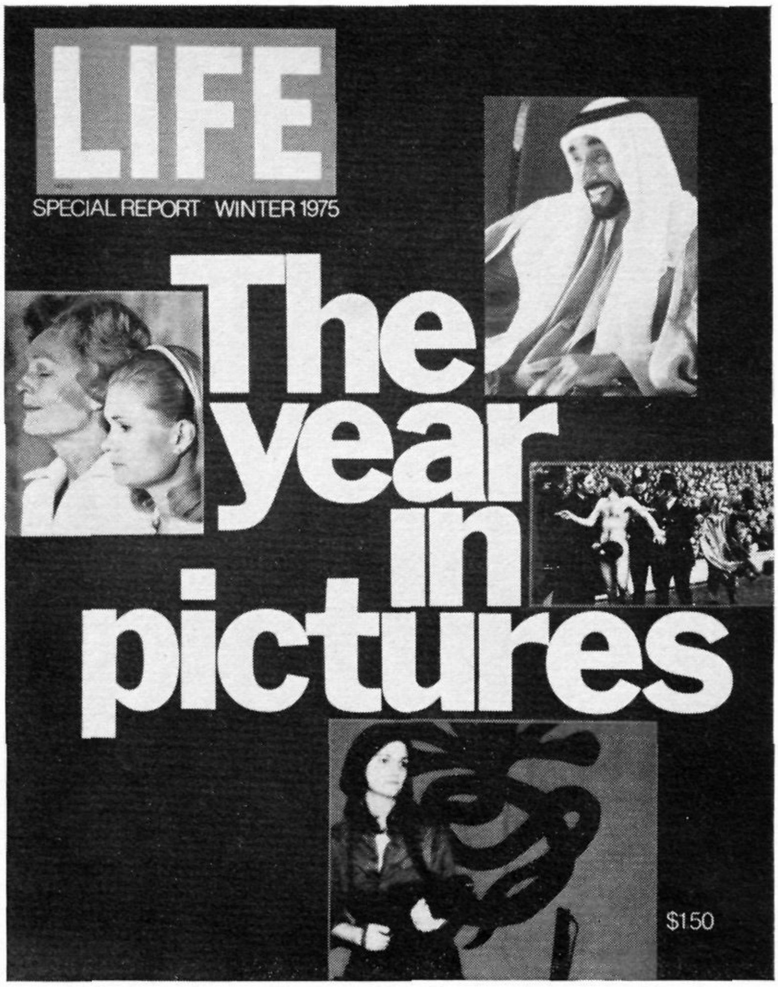

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CHATTER

FRANK HILL/BOSTON HERALD AMERICAN

Michelle Phillips & Warren Beatty: Hands off

JILL KREMENTZ

Liv Ullmann: Enthralled with Paul

GLOBE PHOTOS

Erich Segal: At long last love

PICTORIAL PARADE

John Wayne: No tin star

Hair Curler Is the swinger image Warren Beatty nurtures both onscreen (*Shampoo*) and off for real? In Boston to accept the bronzed beanpot that Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club gives to its Man-of-the-Year, Beatty was asked by a fetching female reporter for his views on monogamy. By way of answering, Beatty reached out to fondle the reporter's necklace. His other hand was already on the knee of his constant companion, Michelle Phillips, of the late Mamas and Papas. Hissed Phillips, whose campaign to land Beatty seems to be gathering steam: "Warren, get your hands off her!" Even as Beatty was obeying, Phillips turned sweetly to the reporter and purred, "He likes monogamy just fine."

Persona Grata Throughout her meteoric career and her tumultuous private life, Liv Ullmann (PEOPLE, Jan. 27) has kept as cool as a Norwegian fjord. But the other night, following a preview of her New York stage debut in *A Doll's House*, Ullmann, 35, was as giddy as a female fan meeting, say, Paul Newman. In fact, it was Newman who with Joanne Woodward visited backstage. So smitten was Ullmann that she retrieved the paper cup he drank from as a keepsake.

Hold That Tiger As scenarist of the movie blockbuster *Love Story*, Erich Segal, 37, has long been America's most eligible bachelor of the arts (not to mention Ph.D.). But, as a marathon runner, he has been an elusive catch until now. Apparently the jog is up. Segal met his match not in the library like his literary lovers but on a transatlantic flight. All that is known is that she is British, named Karen, moved with him to Princeton (where he is a visiting professor)—and has been represented to both his department chairman and a fellow trackman as a fiancée. So much for the loneliness of the long-distance runner.

Hollywood Squares Jack Nicholson may be the front-runner for the best-actor Oscar, but in reality he's as much of a Hollywood outsider as the character he was nominated for: the gumshoe Gittes in *Chinatown.* The Academy Awards electorate is not only notoriously clubby but also averages 50 years of age. So just as Nicholson, 37, was knocked off last year by establishment star Jack Lemmon, 50, don't discount Art (*Harry and Tonto*) Carney, 56, a golden oldie and local favorite.

Bulldog Edition Claiming that the play her late husband, Charles MacArthur, wrote with Ben Hecht had been desecrated, Helen Hayes, 74, is bad-mouthing Billy Wilder's remake of *The Front Page.* Film co-star Jack Lemmon counters, "I can understand Helen's protectiveness—but I wonder how she can justify MacArthur's making a film out of *Wuthering Heights.*" And some insiders suggest that what is really behind Hayes's pique is that she had buttonholed Universal for a role in the film—in vain.

Furthermore

- The hostess giving a tony London dinner party barred Prince Mohammed, the younger brother of Jordan's King Hussein, at the door. Nothing to do with politics—the Prince arrived with five guards packing not only pistols but also submachine guns.
- Because of the sour notes in her nine-year marriage to jazzman Gerry Mulligan, actress Sandy Dennis, currently starring on Broadway in *Absurd Person Singular*, is now going it alone—except for her 28 cats.
- Princess Anne and Mark Phillips have just been outbid on a $615,000 Yorkshire estate by a rock group, Slade. And, indeed, why should they move from their $80-a-month digs at Sandhurst, where Mark's an instructor? Particularly when a threatened cut in the defense budget may put Mark out of work.
- It may sound more like Casey Stengel than John Wayne, but here's the Duke's views on other superstars: "There aren't any. Redford perhaps, but he's got only one generation—I've got five. I have been going for 45 years. I'm the only superstar."

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